

Graphic

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Some Gustatory Reminiscences

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

In my life I have met a multitude of bon-vivants and others high up in the knowledge of gastronomic art and excellence; and while I have been delightfully enmeshed by men of superb oratory, great military gallantry, profound statesmanship, and brilliant literary achievements, I can call to mind no more agreeable person than the one who knows how to order a good repast and who can participate wittily and genteely at an aggregation of viands and potables approved by Epicurean consecration.

Not all extravagant repasts are fine; not all liberal entertainers are good ones. I can look back to dinners of only three or four courses—say soup, fish, turkey and mince pie or plum pudding—the memories of which have never been dismissed from my mind. I have sat at an entertainment where only oceanic and fluviatile viands were dispensed and remembered that unblemished symposium for much more than half a century. I dined once on oysters, seabass and wild turkey with Colonel Tom Florence, in 1859, in Philadelphia, and I have never forgotten the surpassing excellence of that repast, nor what the genial Congressman said as he passed the black bottle to his guests: “Before we commence, my friends, we will take an appetiser in the shape of some choice Jeffersonian Democracy, in a fluid form.” Now, wouldn’t any gourmet know that the concocter of so felicitous a remark would be capable of holding himself up to the end? In 1860 I once dined with a party composed of Henry Winter Davis, George Alfred Townsend and John Russell Young; and while we commenced with green turtle soup and ended with an omelet souffle, in Guy’s best style, which I never could forget, I more vividly remember the wit and wisdom that sparkled and gave divinity to the merely material act of mastication.

But my motive in writing this screed is to mention—with uncovered head, for they are all dead but two—the names of a number of the bon vivants I have known in some way or other since the commencement of the past half century; thus:

Major Ben Perley Poore was a gourmet away back in the ’50s, and became an early patron of Parker’s in Boston; and for nearly a score of years at Welcker’s, in Washington, he was a regular visitor; when the Major and Senator Anthony met during the woodcock season, two of those birds, some frog’s legs and terrapin, and numerous accompaniments, were “washed down” by Amontillado, Chambertin and Champagne. Sam Ward was perhaps the most accomplished bon vivant in New York and Washington half a century ago; he invented a number of dishes, and old Astor remembered him in his will on that account. Dan Sickles, John Van Buren, George Wilkes, Mike Walsh, William Henry Hurlbert and Henry J. Raymond, from 1855 to 1860, were fond of oysters, lobster salad, blue fish, shadroe and champagne, and could find Delmonico’s old place on the corner of Broadway and Chambers blindfolded.

Simon Cameron was a prime liver, and often used to invite men of good gastronomic virtues to dine with him off of venison and wild turkey from Pennsylvania, with plenty

of old Monongahela and Piper Hiedsiek on the side. Mark Hanna, as I have been told, was a superior judge of birds and crustaceans, but boasted chiefly of his Sunday morning breakfast of corned beef hash, to which he often invited a score of Senators. Henry Wilson never did get the habit of high restaurant or hotel living, but he could trot out a Sunday morning breakfast of baked pork and beans, brown-bread and Indian pudding that made many an epicure sound the praises of the honest old shoemaker of Massachusetts. Governor Walker of Virginia, and Governors Pacheco, Latham, Purdy and Booth of California, were all gourmets of high class.

James G. Blaine and Mrs. Blaine were elegant providers, and always had outsiders to dinner. Mr. Blaine gave the newspaper correspondents in Washington at least one dinner every winter for some years. Colonel John W. Forney was a splendid entertainer, either at his own house or at Wormley’s. Old General Schenck was a tremendous eater—more of a gourmand than a gourmet. Governor Thomas Swan of Maryland was a bon vivant of note, and so were Warmouth of Louisiana, and Long John Wentworth of Illinois. Crosby S. Noyes of the Washington “Star” was very fond of the pleasures of the table. Wintersmith of Kentucky, and White of Tennessee, were jocund feeders. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Bouligny, Mrs. George Alfred Townsend, Mrs. Hayward Hutchinson and Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave elegant but unostentatious dinners occasionally to intimate friends.

Adolph Sutro was a bon vivant who kept tab on all the open seasons for fish and game; he was also a fine cook and knew to a second how long a canvasback should be roasted or a porterhouse steak broiled; he considered a piece of cantaloupe or an orange, four or five oysters on the half shell, a course of tom cods or sole, a sirloin steak and fried potatoes, scrambled eggs and watercress, and coffee and hot rolls the proper aggregation for breakfast; or, as a change, two snipe or dove instead of the steak, and poached instead of scrambled eggs. Senator Gwin never could take fondly to other than Southern cooking. Jim Fair made desperate attempts to forget that he had ever extolled the contents of a dinner-pail after purchasing his United States Senatorship, but he never could see the great difference between a sirloin and a round.

General George H. Thomas was very fond of stewed kidneys; and during the Atlanta campaign the butcher of the Army of the Cumberland saw to it that the “Rock of Chickamauga” was well provided with that particular kind of meat. General Alex. McCook declared that he could get away with a beefsteak three times a day every day in the year and ask for nothing else. General Tom Crittenden used to say he could fight all day after a breakfast of bacon, corn bread and coffee. General John H. King was a bon vivant, and his staff saw to it that he had as choice beef as came into the army and all the other good things that foragers could swipe or that money could buy. Sherman could tackle beans and hard tack two

or three times a day and let Dayton and Audenreid have his share of the sirloin and canned fruits.

Andy Johnson was fond of Southern cooking and cared very little for viands a la Francaise. We ate at the same table much of the time in Nashville for three years, and he invariably made his breakfast off bacon or ham, corn bread or corn muffins, scrambled eggs and coffee; for dinner he preferred roast beef or roast pork, swimming in grease (to veal or mutton, or fowl) sweet potatoes, green corn in season, or other vegetables; he never cared for pie or cake, crackers or cheese, and never drank anything but water; for supper he ate corn bread or hominy, “steamboat hash,” if he could get it, or a small piece of steak, and drank a cup of tea. Parson Brownlow liked meats of all kinds three times a day, fried hominy, sweet potatoes, corn dodgers, and plenty of coffee or tea, but no wines or liquors, and “no d—d fancy dishes” of any kind.

One of the most fascinating gourmets I have ever known was General Nichols of Galveston; and another was Senator Fitzpatrick of Huntsville, Alabama; Senator Nesmith of Oregon was fond of the pleasures of the table; a rare entertainer and a bon-vivant of high degree was General Beale of Washington—no man who ever dined with this most agreeable and cultivated gentleman at his home in Lafayette square had lived in vain; with the same suavity with which Fernando Wood could take down a well-fattened jack-pot he could give a terrapin supper; and it was just ambrosial to join General James S. Negley and Mrs. Negley at a dinner where reed birds, terrapin and scalloped oysters formed a gastronomic trinity whose omnipotence required no secular expounder to unfold.

I shall not put Colonel Tom Ochiltree in the class of gourmands, because he was too much of an artist for that. We have dined at Chamberlain’s in Washington, at Delmonico’s in New York, and at Paillard’s in Paris, and he could go the limit, although in the latter case he had gout in both feet and was on crutches; he considered half a dozen Blue Points, chicken-gumbo soup, a pompano, dish of terrapin, soft-shell crabs and a stuffed grouse as the proper “part” of a dinner. General Horace Porter, for eight years our Minister to France, is a charming bon vivant, a delightful diner-out and a most agreeable person in every way.

In Los Angeles I would place Dan Freeman, Dan MacFarland, Charlie Forman, Ed Naud, Otheman Stevens, J. Bond Francisco, and Harry Gillig as bon vivants and epicures of supreme rank. And there are many others of high gustatory tastes and desires.

Forty years ago San Francisco claimed many superb dinner-givers. Colonel R. H. Sinton, I think, was the premier. I lived at the Occidental in those days, which set the best hotel table in the world, but often dined at Sinton’s Sunday evenings, generally in company with Jerome Leland, Ex-Governor Purdy, Governor Goodwin (of Arizona) or others of their kind. These Sunday dinners

(Continued on Page 4)

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Matters of Moment

The Favorite and the Field.

With the national political conventions only three months distant, the prophets, usually so prevalent in a presidential year, betray a remarkable diffidence. The Democracy has a pronounced favorite, while the Republicans have "a field." William J. Bryan looms so large above and beyond his fellows that his nomination at Denver is not questioned. In fact, it has been obvious for the last two years that Bryan would for the third time be his party's standard-bearer.

Six "favorite sons" will enter the Chicago arena; Ohio's Taft, New York's Hughes, Illinois' Cannon, Pennsylvania's Knox, Indiana's Fairbanks and Wisconsin's LaFollette. Of these, the present "pick" is Taft and Hughes, with the odds in favor of the former. Governor Hughes' strength is discounted by the impression that the President ultimately will control two-thirds of the seventy-eight delegates from New York, and that after New York has fulfilled its instructions to vote for Hughes, there will be a big split in the delegation, and some fifty of its members will rally to Taft.

The problem that the Republicans will have to face next June is the election of the man who can beat Bryan. Twelve years ago Bryan came very close to being elected president, and it may be recalled that conditions prevailing throughout the country were somewhat similar to the present. Bryan has abandoned his "free-silver" fallacies—at least he has them stored away as impracticable—but undoubtedly he will come before the country with popular and plausible remedies for financial salvation, and it is probable that the "money question" will once more be the paramount issue of the campaign. If there is a great and widespread recovery from industrial depression, Bryan's strength before the people will be so much diminished, but it cannot be doubted that the man who has withstood two defeats and is still the only great figure in his party has a tremendous hold upon the imagination and the confidence of the people. Moreover, of all the campaigners in the country, Theodore Roosevelt is the only man

who for personal activity and force can compare with the Nebraskan.

There is the doubt in the mind of the average man who has not succumbed to the machine-made enthusiasm for Taft that Roosevelt's "residuary legatee" could beat Bryan. The sentiment voiced by ex-Governor Black in his Boston speech is likely to develop into a widespread roar during the campaign, should Taft be the Republican nominee. "The most tyrannical trust in existence today," declared Black, "is the political trust."

It has already reached the appalling stage when it is sought to fill the highest elective office in the world by executive appointment, without even the safeguard of a confirmation by the Senate." While Governor Black's picture is overdrawn, since even Mr. Roosevelt cannot appoint Taft to the presidency without the "confirmation" of the people, it is probable that in the event of Taft's nomination it is a picture with which Mr. Bryan and the Democrats will make the country painfully familiar.

The impression will not down that there is likely to be a deadlock at Chicago, despite the confident figuring at the White House that there will be a landslide for Taft. It is predicted in many quarters that such a deadlock will only be broken by the introduction of the name of Roosevelt himself, and that the convention will be "swept off its feet." In the face of the President's own objections and the third term barrier, Theodore Roosevelt is still believed to be the preference of nine-tenths of the rank and file of the Republican party. The reasons for that preference are not far to seek. None of the Republican candidates now in the field can begin to approach Roosevelt in the popular estimation, and Roosevelt is the only figure in the Republican party who, the people believe, can cross swords successfully with Bryan.

Entertaining the Jackies.

The committees in charge of the entertainment of the sailors to whom Los Angeles hopes to hold out a hand of lavish hospitality will do well to consider the valuable sug-

gestions made the other day by Admiral Sebree. The Admiral declares that the sailors of the present generation are far different from those of the past, and advises that they be left to their own resources as much as possible on shore. Admiral Sebree did not specify those differences, but one of them at least may be inferred from the testimony of a jackie from the Tennessee, who when importuned by an enthusiastic San Franciscan to take a drink, excused himself and added, "There are three hundred of us on the Tennessee who never touch the stuff."

"Our sailors like to come ashore and be left alone, said Admiral Sebree. "Give them baseball parks and athletic fields, quarters in which to hold minstrel shows and dances. Don't bother them with parades and receptions, and the sailors will have a great time."

This advice, if heeded, will involve abandonment of the usual programs and some self-sacrifice on the part of the hosts. But in true hospitality, the host is the last person thought of. If the absence of parade or other formal function disappoints some of us, that disappointment should be buried by conviction that the enjoyment of our guests is our first and only consideration.

In line with Admiral Sebree's suggestion, why not hire Agricultural Park and give the sailors a day of sports and a barbecue? Let liberal prizes be offered for all manner of athletic events, and as already suggested by the "Graphic," induce that most distinguished citizen, Mr. James J. Jeffries, to give the tars a boxing exhibition. Indeed, Mr. Jeffries might so offer himself up as a sacrifice upon the patriotic altar as to undertake to spar with a few of the champions of the squadron. It is safe to say that no announcement could arouse more enthusiasm on the arrival of the fleet at Magdalena Bay than that such an opportunity of imperishable glory would be provided at Los Angeles.

Another suggestion that occurs to us is that every facility should be given those sailors who wish to see as much of the beautiful surrounding country as possible. Special trips might be organized up Mt. Lowe,

for instance, with due arrangements made for the feeding of the inner man.

It is certain that if Los Angeles is wise enough to follow Admiral Sebree's advice, the sailors will get "what they want when they want it."

consisted of a soup, fish, roast, salad, dessert, coffee, and three wines—sherry, burgundy and champagne. Governor Low used often to entertain in excellent style. Captain Poole (Mrs. Poole, really,) gave elegant dinners; the lady carved the turkey or duck and made the mayonnaise at the table. There were twelve of us once at dinner—Captain and Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Bowers and Emelie Melville, the actresses. John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, Sandy Austin and Tom Madden, General and Mrs. Leonard, and Jerome Leland and the writer; I remember, particularly, the course of canvasbacks, lobster salad and omelet souffle. General and Mrs. Leonard were elegant entertainers and their Sunday dinners were famous, consisting, generally, of a soup, salmon, boiled chicken, roast duck or turkey, lettuce salad, dessert, coffee, crackers and cheese, and three wines—sherry, claret and champagne. Major William B. Hooper (before managing the Occidental Hotel) gave fine Sunday dinners, his piece de resistance always being a saddle of mutton. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Governor and Mrs. Milton Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and General and Mrs. Barnes also gave fine dinners. Other splendid dinner-givers were Alvinza Hayward and Captain Billy Kohl, at San Mateo; General Naglee, at San Jose; Governor Stanford, at Sacramento; W. B. Ralston, at Belmont; Mark McDonald, at Santa Rosa; Colonel E. J. C. Kewen and J. De Barth Shorb, at San Gabriel; Colonel Cave J. Couts, Captain George A. Johnson and Captain A. H. Wilcox, of San Diego, and General Phineas Banning, one of the greatest of all, at Wilmington.

Most of the actors I have known intimately were not high livers—or, at least, not big eaters. Edwin Booth was a small eater, and drank very little. Edwin L. Davenport ate a hearty breakfast, a moderate lunch and small dinner. Edwin Adams ate heartily at breakfast, took his lunch, generally, in his hotel barroom, and ate a light dinner. Lawrence Barrett took four small meals daily, and was very temperate in all things. John McCullough could get away with four heavy repasts daily and plenty to drink besides. Barton Hill feasted a la Francaise—cup of coffee and petit pan in the morning, dejeuner at twelve and dinner at six, with claret at both meals; he was elegant

It is remarkable that Admiral Sebree deemed it expedient to point out that the most important provision of all for the entertainment of the fleet is that the sailors should be admitted wherever they wished to go in their uniforms, and that no discrimination should be made against them on that

account. In Los Angeles, at least, we do not believe there is any need for such a warning. The uniform itself will be an "open sesame" to the best of everything we have to offer. And, in parting, it is high time that the citizens of this city loosen up when the subscription committee calls.

Some Gustatory Reminiscences

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

and companionable. John Raymond, Lester Wallack, Sothern (the elder), John Owens and Joe Jefferson were moderate eaters and drinkers. Billy Florence, Harry Edwards, Billy Goodall, Dan Setchell, Sheridan, John R. Scott, Eddy, Chanfrau and Gustavus Brooke ate heartily at ten or eleven in the morning, lightly at six and heartily about midnight.

Not many of the great hotel-keepers I have known were big eaters—the exceptions were all the Lelands (but one, Horace,) Warren, Simeon, Jerome, Lewis, George, Charlie, Warren F. and Warren Jr. Major Hooper was a hearty eater, and so was Alexander Sharon. Walter J. Raymond, of the Raymond, eats heartily three times a day; and so does Milo Potter, Whitmore, Bilicke, Frank Miller and Ed. Dunham. Norman Ross, of the Coronado, is a moderate eater, but is an ardent provider, having graduated from the Ebbitt, in Washington, years ago. H. R. Warner, of the famous Del Monte, who sets one of the best tables in the world, eats a light early breakfast, a small lunch, but takes a hearty dinner at six, in company with his wife. Schonewald, the first manager of the Del Monte, was a small eater. Such old-timers as Cranston, of the New York; Stetson, of the Astor House; Silas Miller, of the Galt; Guy, Potter Palmer, Uria Welch, Young and Parker, were small eaters.

President Lincoln, so I have been informed, never cared for the modern kind of cooking, but was fond of bacon and corn bread and coffee for breakfast, and once in a while a Potomac shad, or pork chop; for dinner he partook of whatever Mrs. Lincoln liked, and for supper he often ate fried oysters or cold ham; Mr. Lincoln was very fond of gingerbread, and used often to say (in Springfield): "It swells up and makes me feel as if I had eaten something." Senator Fessenden was a good liver and liked the best the Washington markets afforded. Senator Sumner was a bon vivant and indulged in choice cuts, venison, terrapin, oysters, jellies, pie, cake, candy, nuts and fine wines. Reverdy Johnson, Jeremiah Black, Henry Winter Davis and Matt Carpenter were fond of terrapin, oysters, canvasback, reed birds and champagne.

From hearsay, Washington ate largely of hog and hominy, chicken and corn bread,

and hickory nuts. Jackson also liked corn bread and chicken, hog and hominy, and was immoderately fond of ice cream, which had been invented by Mrs. Alexander Hamilton some thirty years before. James K. Polk and Zachary Taylor were fond of Southern dishes. Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and Chester A. Arthur, were bon vivants and liked all the good things to eat and drink that money could buy. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of roast goose, and Queen Victoria of a shoulder of mutton. Henry VIII. was inordinately fond of baked beans and Yorkshire pudding. Napoleon's favorite dish was a bean salad; and Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, Peter Cooper, Nathaniel Banks and Henry Wilson were fond of fried eels, corned-beef hash and pie.

Going back still further into the realm of hearsay, Juvenal was so fond of fish that he wrote a satire on flesh food; Martial's favorite dish was baked flamingos' tongues; and Claudius Esopus, the actor, used often to regale himself on pates made of singing birds' tongues; Pliny considered the liver of a white goose made into foie gras the most delicious of all viands; Horace liked the liver of any goose that had been fattened on figs; and Louis the Grand declared that with the sauce invented by the Marquis de Bechamel any man might eat his own mother-in-law. Archestratus was the inventor of many magnificent fish dishes and used to serve spiced pig roasted on one side and boiled on the other. Lucretius and Mark Antony preferred a roasted boar whole to any other meat. The piece de resistance of a feast once given by Heliogabalus was made of the brains of six hundred thrushes; and he was next to Apicius, the biggest glutton that has ever lived. Galba was a famous gourmand and once gave a breakfast to six people that cost him \$100,000. Vitellius used often to ransack the country for game, and once served twelve roasted boar to twelve people. Domitian was also a noted gourmand and often expended as much as \$40,000 on a single meal for himself and a few friends. Among women Catherine de Medici was one of the most top-notched gourmets that has ever lived and introduced what is now internationally known as French cooking from Italy into France.

The Lotts in Europe

By A. T. KING, IN MUSICAL COURIER

teachers, or in attending the many important events of the English and German musical seasons.

Immediately upon his arrival Mr. Lott arranged to "coach" in German songs with Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, who was in London for a couple of months last year, and it was at a large "at home" given by Mrs. Nikisch, pre-

vious to her leaving for Germany, that Mr. Lott made his first London appearance, receiving many compliments for his fine voice and his equally fine rendering of some German songs.

It was in order to continue his work with Mrs. Nikisch that Mr. Lott went to Leipsic in the autumn, remaining there for four

It was late last spring when Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott arrived in London from Los Angeles, Cal., and now they are just on the eve of sailing back to America after a sojourn in Europe that has been full of work and pleasure. It is seldom that two people devote themselves so conscientiously to study, whether in coaching with well known

months, all his time devoted to study, not only of German songs, but of the languages, and also in selecting quantities of songs to be used in his future work in his own city; in fact, it might be said that they have both been indefatigable in their search for music by the best known of the classical and modern composers. While in Germany Mr. Lott also was "coached" by Alberto Jonas in songs by that composer.

The month of December was spent in Berlin, where Mr. Lott gave a concert in association with Norah Drewett, and of this concert the leading German critics had the following to say:

"Harry Clifford Lott made a good impression, cleverly accompanied by his wife, contributing a number of German and English songs. His voice is admirably even throughout its range and is of wide compass, and in the high register possesses genuine tenor timbre. The diction was clear and he was able to give to his songs poetic feeling and a thoroughly artistic form."—*Berliner Tageblatt*.

"Harry Clifford Lott is the possessor of a sonorous baritone voice of beautiful, rich color and wide range, excellently trained and used in the service of serious art. He

was equally effective in the songs of Arthur Foote and Oley Speaks, as in those of deeper sentiment, such as Brahms' 'Die Mai-nacht.'"—*Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*.

"Harry Clifford Lott was heard on the evening of December 10 in Choralion Hall, and used his sympathetic and beautifully trained voice in a group of German and English songs."—*Vossische Zeitung*.

"Harry Clifford Lott showed a free baritone voice of splendid quality, which could adequately fill a much larger room than Choralion Hall."—*Die Musik*.

Returning to London early in January, after a stay in Cologne and Paris, Mr. Lott has resumed his coaching with Victor Beigel, with whom he took a number of lessons last spring and summer, and his last lesson takes place just on the eve of sailing for home.

In all his work Mr. Lott has the assistance and advice of his wife, who is a fine musician, and who always plays the accompaniments for her husband. As a solo pianist she is well known throughout Southern California, and she has added not a little to her reputation on this side of the water during the past year. It is seldom that an accompanist receives any notice whatever, but al-

ways Mrs. Lott was complimented for her share of the interpretation of a song.

Mr. Lott has been fortunate in meeting several song writers during his stay abroad and of coaching with them on special songs. In Leipsic, Carl Reinecke, and at Berlin, Edgar Stillman-Kelley were much pleased to hear their songs so well sung, and in England Bertram Shapleigh, Liza Lehmann, Francis Allitsen and Charles Willeby have all expressed their pleasure at having the opportunity of "going over" songs with Mr. Lott.

In addition to the work done with Madame Nikisch and Victor Beigel, Mr. Lott did some special coaching with George Ferguson in Berlin, so it will be seen that he returns to America with new and advanced ideas, with a large repertory of songs, and with a new circle of friends all anxious for this young singer to again visit England and the Continent.

On his way across the continent of North America, Mr. Lott will stop at his native city, Columbus, Ohio, and give a recital, at the request of many old friends.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

By the Way

A Blunder.

The eminent financiers who control the clearing house must realize by this time that they made a serious blunder in rushing into print with their order that they would refuse to clear after September 1, 1908 for any institution with less capital than \$200,000. Everybody who knows anything about banking affairs in Los Angeles has been asking why. Last week I said: "Not being in the councils of the financially great of the city, I cannot explain, but I would like some one to tell me why the clearing house thought it necessary to publish the fact of its action to the world. Let me ask a simple question—maybe I am Simple Simon himself, but this question will obtrude. Why didn't the clearing house quietly notify all the banks affected that they would be expected to raise capital to \$200,000? What was the use of publicity?"

Admitted To Be One.

The leading bankers now admit that a blunder has been committed, and a blunder in Talleyrand's estimation was worse than a crime. It is admitted that a bank with \$25,000 a \$50,000 or \$100,000 capital managed in a safe manner may be as solvent and more so than an institution with \$200,000 or \$300,000 or \$500,000 and not so well managed. In fact, I am rather inclined to believe that the method of management has more to do with the solvency of an institution than the mere fact that it possesses a paid in capital. The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society of San Francisco has no paid in capital—not a penny—and a good many men in this city would not in the least object to doing business with the Hibernia on that account. It is the largest savings bank in the West.

The Effect.

The effect of this blunder is beginning to be felt. Telegrams have been sent all over

the country and of course the correspondents of various Eastern papers in their eagerness to get "space" from their papers are not skimpy with words. This I quote, as a sample, from the Denver "Post":

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 26.—By the terms of a resolution adopted by the Los Angeles Clearing House Association today, before September 1, 1908, twenty-seven banking houses now doing business in this city either must make mergers among themselves, increase their capital stock or go out of the commercial line of business. After that date no bank having less than \$200,000 paid up and unimpaired capital will be recognized by the association.

For many months conservative bankers of this city have looked askance at the banking houses springing up in various parts of the city with capital stock not commensurate with what they consider adequate protection for the depositors and for other banks forced to do business with them.

"Looked Askance."

"Looked askance" is good, considering some things. "Looked askance!" It is to laugh.

Sue, Dr. Haynes, Sue!

If the Judge Smith cartoon cost the Evening "News" a pretty penny, how much should the cartoon in the "Times" of Tuesday morning cost the "Times"? This question cannot be determined unless Dr. John R. Haynes, the victim of that cartoon brings action against the "Times." Not only has Dr. Haynes ample ground for civil suit, but there is a good foundation for a criminal case. The "Times" cartoon is a characteristic blood and thunder production. The central figure is a wild-eyed fanatic, with pistol in each hand, shooting down a policeman, whose belt bears the words, "The Law." In the background is a disorderly group of club-wielders. But the third and libelous figure stands to the left of the shooter and his victim. It is the figure of a silk-hatted, well-dressed man, labelled "Demagogue" and flourishing with his arm a paper labelled "Incendiary Speech." The

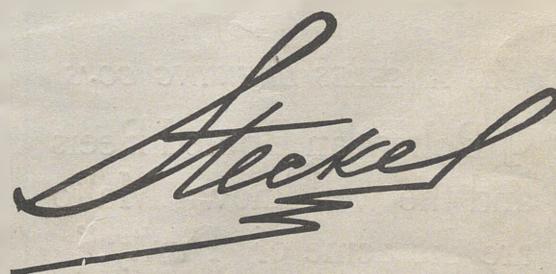
face of this man is unquestionably that of Dr. John R. Haynes. The artist, Taylor, could not reproduce Dr. Haynes' features with more fidelity if he tried—and it is evident that on this occasion he tried all he knew how. I am wondering whether Dr. Haynes will sue—whether he will proceed criminally against the "Times." I have repeatedly said in these columns that libel proceedings offer the only avenue for justice from General Otis and his cohorts. If Dr. Haynes does not act now he can expect another bludgeoning muy pronto.

"Locking the Barn."

There is an old adage about locking the barn door after the horse is stolen. This adage, presumably, will apply to the dangerous Main street crossing now that young Selwyn Graves' life has been snuffed out and Mrs. Foy's automobile wrecked—fortunately with no loss of life. That the crossing was left unguarded for a moment is only an instance of the heedlessness of humans and of

This is a good time to have old and valuable pictures reproduced by our improved methods in

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The exhibition of oil and water colors of Mr. James E. McBurney and Miss Margaret J. Patterson, will continue in the Art Gallery until March.

"WHITE HORSE" SCOTCH

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corporations. Everybody know that the crossing is a death-trap and that extraordinary precautions should have been taken there; but with the usual recklessness of the race, the danger was not lessened until the loss of a human life directed attention to the matter. A parallel is afforded in the Salt Lake crossing at Macy street. When Charles Stern was killed at that place some years ago, everybody supposed ordinary precautions would be observed—and another fatal accident, only a short time since, was necessary to emphasize the danger at that point.

Graves.

I had never met the victim of the Main-street crossing, but I know well one of his close friends in the medical fraternity. Selwyn Graves had everything to live for. He was nearing his graduation at the medical college; his course was to have been supplemented by post-graduate study in Europe. He had all that goes to make life worth living—influential family connections, a father who would have done anything to advance him in his chosen profession, a home that any young man would covet. His death may be the means of saving the lives of others, but there is poor satisfaction in that. The sacrifice was absolutely unnecessary in the first place. In the second place I think that the neither men nor corporations will heed the lesson.

DeLongpre.

I wonder what Hector Alliot had in mind when he wrote that Paul de Longpre was "both admired and heartily disliked by more people than any other artist." I have heard of the high regard in which Paul de Longpre is held, but I never before heard that he is "disliked." I know well that de Longpre is not appreciated in Los Angeles, and that this lack of appreciation is to eventuate in his removal to New York, but "disliked"—never. Perhaps some local so-called "art lovers" do not relish being told the truth about themselves. Paul de Longpre's home has been open for nine years to those who would see his work and his work speaks for itself. It is pretty rough on him to have such a line appear in print.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Telephone Rates.

The City Council, having declined to make any changes in the telephone rates, the companies must go to the courts. I cannot see how the members of the council can consistently authorize one rate for the Sunset and another for the Home Company; particularly when the Home pays 2 per cent. of its gross earnings into the city treasury, provides poles and arms for the fire and police departments and pays a big tax on its franchises. The Sunset does not pay 2 per cent. and does not provide facilities for the city's service—yet it is allowed to charge more for its telephones. Furthermore the Home does eighty per cent. of the local business. There is but a single redeeming feature to the situation; the council may authorize a thorough investigation of the charges of all public service corporations.

McCarthy.

My sympathies are with J. Harvey McCarthy in his contest with the Edison Company. I can understand why the company is making its private customers pay for installation of connections with houses; but why it should make an overcharge for poles in new districts is not so readily understandable. No doubt the company has financial stringency like others, and the customer feels it in advancing the money for connections. But as to overcharges for poles, that is not so defensible.

Van Loan.

Mr. C. E. Van Loan is more than making good in Denver on the "Post" there. Van had been with the "Examiner" ever since it started here and it is surprising that the Hearstites would let him slip through their fingers when the only difference between them was a question of salary. Van had been slated to go to Chicago and write for the Hearst papers there. Mrs. Van and the little Miss Van are still in Los Angeles.

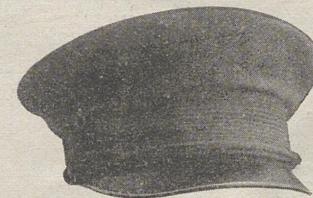
"Evangelists."

Somebody may be able to enlighten me, but I cannot, for the life of me, understand why so many "evangelists" deem it necessary to add a low and vulgar vocabulary to the equipment with which they earn a living. I am moved so to remark by the report of the talk Melvin E. Trotter, evangelist, at the Auditorium. Mr. Trotter started his exhortation thusly:

"They tell me," he began cheerfully, "that if I talk fast you fellers up top there won't hear me. How about it?" and he gazed at the upper balconies awaiting an answer. "If I talk slow the idea seems to be you will hear me. Well—I can't talk

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slow. So if anybody behind you starts anything in the talk line just turn on them and ask them where they get off. Make them show their mitt. You're not here to listen to a bunch of gossip you can get in any street car. You're here to listen to me --that's the way it stacks up, isn't it?"

Perfect silence followed the outburst. Mr. Trotter must have felt out of his element. The wonder is that his auditors did not leave then and there.

Another Preacher.

Read this account of Mr. Trotter's sermon and then read an account of a sermon by another Preacher and ask if it be possible that Mr. Trotter follows the example of the Master he professes to emulate.

1. And seeing the multitudes he went up into a mountain: and when he was set his disciples came unto him.

2. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Cleanest City.

Trotter's visit to Los Angeles will not be wholly unproductive if the "unco' guid" will take to heart and act upon one of his statements. Trotter says that this is the "cleanest city, morally, in the United States." That is always what I have contended, although in so writing many people think me a "short hair." I am not. I believe that everything subject to police regulation is better regulated in Los Angeles than elsewhere; and that croakers like Mr. Earl and others among the pharisaically righteous are away wrong in their reckoning in registering Los Angeles among the unduly sinful cities.

The Lotts.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Graphic will be found an article about Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, reprinted from the "Musical Courier." The Lotts arrived safe and sound from Europe this week and are receiving congratulations on having had such a successful and profitable season of study abroad.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Diamonds

Seven "old mine" Brazilian Diamonds, ranging from two to three carats, set in a cross and earrings. These are real gems. Can be had at a bargain—singly or all of them.

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Theatrical Advertising.

The "Express" is fishing for its lost theatrical advertising. Time was, when the "Express" was actively engaged in making its Sunday closing campaign, that at the head of the editorial column appeared words to this effect: "The 'Express' is not edited by the Theatrical Trust." Following this announcement were one word, "criticisms" of the attraction at each theater. The "Express" used such words as "vile," "undone," "rotten," "foolish," etc., in its descriptions. Nowadays the "Express" has changed its tune. The words "fair," "good," "commendable" and the like are employed. I cannot say that the character of the plays has changed in any one of the theaters, but the "Express's" point of view has changed to the extent of about \$600 per month. If the theatrical managers of Los Angeles are to be caught with such chaff they are not possessed of the brand of brains with which they are generally accredited. They know that when the question of Sunday closing of theaters is submitted to the people the "Express" will favor Sunday closing; to give aid and comfort to the enemy is bad policy.

"News Bureau."

The "Express" publishes every day, first column, first page, what purports to be a telegram from San Francisco, giving political news (?) and other stuff calculated to bolster up the political plans of Mr. Earl. Having been in the newspaper business for some few years I am willing to assert that this daily "telegram" is not telegraphed at all, but comes down by mail and is the product of a "news bureau"—maybe Mr. Spreekels' news bureau and maybe Mr. Pardee's and maybe Mr. Phelan's. No matter who is responsible for it, it is not worthy of credence.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

An Ideal Program.

Thanks are due to the Los Angeles Theater for providing its patrons with the ideal theater program, a single slip of paper with the cast of characters. Year by year the average theater program has grown more and more ornate and bulky. Artistic covers, coated book paper and advertisements galore have made it difficult, at times to find what all theater patrons desire—the cast of characters, and the resume of the acts. Competition between the indefatigable C. S. Sprecher and "Toby" Newman the perpetual-rustle man, has been responsible for the enlargement and beautification of the programs. I sigh occasionally for the good old fashioned slip-program, but my satisfaction as to the Los Angeles will not be long-lived, I fear. I notice that "Toby" Newman has the program privilege and I will warrant that he is bending his energies toward bringing out a program for the Los Angeles like unto the others.

Joe Scott's Eloquence.

Our own Joe Scott was orator of the day in San Francisco last Sunday at the meeting of the Irish Nationalists in honor of the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, patriot and martyr.

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The Van Ness theater was crowded, and the Los Angeles orator held the attention of his audience spellbound for over an hour. It was, I hear, a most impressive and inspiring speech—in fact, Joe Scott was at his best, which is saying a great deal. His eulogy of Emmet considered the many sacrifices the patriot had made for Ireland's sake and human liberty before he made the greatest of all human sacrifices—the giving of his life. In closing Mr. Scott declared that the Irish of this country should bring about a change of sentiment to prevent "the veriest toadies representing these United States at the court of St. James," and insisted that the American ambassador to Great Britain should be one who would not stand to hear the name of Ireland abused in his presence. There are two days in March when the Irishman gives himself full rein, and, naturally enough, he is not happy unless he jumps upon England. But, Mr. Scott, were Lowell, Hay and Choate the "veriest toadies?" And when did Whitelaw Reid have to listen to the abuse of Ireland's name? Were these "figures of speech," or founded on fact?

Rotten Hose.

I have hitherto commented on the condition of some of the hose in the Los Angeles Fire Department. The appended communication is printed for the benefit of those who can think:

I read an article a few weeks ago in the "Graphic" on the deplorably inefficient conditions existing in the fire department of the city of New York as regards fire hose, and noted the remark of the editor appended thereto that these conditions no doubt existed in other cities. The question was raised in my mind whether that included Los Angeles or not, when at two o'clock one morning recently I was roused from my sleep to witness the destruction of a neighbor's beautiful home on Scarff street. There were two engines playing a stream of hose on the fire when two lengths burst. Is this not a pretty big percentage? This recalls to my mind the fact that a year or so ago the Board of Fire Commissioners purchased 5000 feet of hose at 75 cents, 2000 feet at 90 cents, and 1000 feet at \$1, but when the recommendation came before the City Council one of the Councilmen—I believe it was Councilman Wallace—objected to the city's purchasing three different priced hose, and the Council, acting on his suggestion, rejected the award of the Fire Commissioners and purchased 8000 feet of hose at 75 cents. If it was some of the latter that burst at the Scarff street fire, would it not be well for the public to know it? Surely hose that will not stand the pressure of the smaller engines in the residence districts, is not such as will stand the extra pressure of the largest engines in the business district when tested to their utmost strength in case a fire should break out in the upper floors of some of the many ten and twelve-story buildings in the business district. Is this not a serious possibility, and worth a thorough investigation? I, for one, as a citizen and a taxpayer, paying for fire protection to my business and my residence property, would like to know if the hose that burst at the Scarff street fire is some of the 75-cent hose bought less than a year ago, and if so I would suggest that the Board of Fire Commissioners request the Chief of the Fire Department to report what success he has had with the balance of the 8000 feet, and that this report be published in the daily papers for the benefit of the public. I cannot help feeling that false economy is a poor policy when life and property are at stake. I would call the attention of the Board of Fire Underwriters to this matter, as with first-class protection we might secure third-class insurance rates and better.

Very truly yours,

J. R. D.

Not Yet.

I referred last week to the oft-repeated story that Walter Parker was retiring, or contemplated retiring, from the political arena. For the last four of five years, at

periodical intervals, some enterprising newspaperman hunting "copy," has interviewed Parker, and has elicited from him the important information that he was weary of the political game and was "retiring." At least, that is the impression which Parker succeeds in conveying to the newsgatherer. But, all these years, he has remained at the same old stand, and is likely to do so as long as his services are available. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League, doubtless, would like to see the last of Walter Parker, but I miss my guess if he is not more active than ever during the next few months. Parker's activities, however, are not usually on the surface, and the impression that he is "retiring" will aid rather than impede his maneuvers.

The Knockers Knocked.

The epistles of Pardie, addressed to Taft headquarters in Washington, are destined to short shrift—alias the wastepaper basket—in the future. Pardie's letters appear to have consisted mainly of "roasts" of Senator Flint, Duncan McKinlay, and other prominent men in California polities, denouncing them as "machine men" and declaring that they were conspiring to throw Taft down. The ex-Governor tackled a foolish game when he attempted to discredit Frank Flint in the eyes of the administration, for there is no man from the Pacific Coast—with possibly the single exception of Benjamin Ide Wheeler—who stands closer to the President than the junior Califor-

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nia senator. The Taft managers—of whom, of course, the President is privately director-in-chief—are exceedingly anxious to avoid factions and divisions in California. What they want is a united delegation from California for Taft. And they realize that the way to get it is not by encouraging Pardee's mischief-making and "knocking," or listening to the protestations that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League embodies all the good Republicans and simon-pure Taft men in California. The plain truth of the matter is that while the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders have been avid for war, the Taft managers are most anxious for peace. Governor Gillett's recent visit to Washington may have done something towards clarifying the situation. To attempt to offset Gillett's influence, a coincidental visit to Washington was paid by Dr. Wheeler and the editor of the "Call." But the word has been sent out from Taft headquarters that life is too short and energy too dear to be consumed by perusing Pardee's epistles, and asking California Republicans to cease from domestic quarrels and to get together in Taft's interest.

Bartlett's Promotion.

Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, of the Bethlehem Institute, is the latest addition to the "Times" Black Book. Mr. Bartlett, who has never discriminated in his charitable work, was summoned before "the General" and made to understand that charity could not be extended to any union man. Mr. Bartlett believes that charity extends to all in need. For this he was viciously attacked by the "Times."

How Long?

How long, oh Lord, how long, will the

men of this city submit to being bludgeoned? How long will the bully be unrestrained. Mr. Bartlett explains the reason for the brutal onslaught in these words: "General Otis called me to his office and asked me if I was connecting myself with the labor unions. I told him no. We help men that need help, that is all. I thought he understood me, but evidently he did not."

Who?

Who commissioned Harrison Gray Otis to "call any man to his office" for a "sweating" as to his principles. By what authority does this dictator act? With what milk of humility are the so-called "men" of Los Angeles fed, that they submit to this brand of interrogation? I am surprised that Mr. Bartlett obeyed the summons; I thought he had more backbone. Maybe he has more than I think—people will now learn whether he is to be "run out of town."

Thankless.

"The General's" assault on Mr. Bartlett was the more vicious and inexcusable because Mr. Bartlett has, in pure charity, attended to the needs of dipsomaniacs in the "Times" office. I know of one former "Times" employee who was treated for delirium tremens in the Bethlehem institution, and perhaps there are more. I shall not mention this man's name because, so far as I have heard, he has been leading a decent, sober and respectable life. But "the General" knows the man I mean—he knows, and Harry Chandler knows, and I know. And it is a fine bit of ingratitude to handle Mr. Bartlett in this fashion. And nobody in town but Harrison Gray Otis and Harry Andrews, the Mean Man from Maine, could be capable of such work.

More Belting.

Los Angeles bankers "caught it," at the recent meeting of the special joint legislative committee on banking laws at San Francisco. Starting his remarks that the State Bank Commission is only a "bluff," John C. Lynch, bank commissioner, compared many of the banks to East street clothing dealers who "grabbed passersby and made them come in with their money." Lynch and Phil Stanton had a lovely set-to:

"Banking in Los Angeles is a great deal like the clothing business here in East street," commented Lynch, waving a gesture toward the shoddy shops near the ferry building. "When anybody comes along money they grab him in and make him start a bank."

"But the banks there are in good condition," broke in Stanton.

Los Angeles Derby.

Saturday afternoon, March 7, the Los Angeles Derby will be run at Santa Anita Park—a distance of one mile and a quarter—\$5,000, guaranteed. This race will bring together a class of thoroughbreds—three year olds—all of which are being specially "prepped" for the occasion, and an exciting finish which will interest the most "blase" race-goer is anticipated. The "Darby," as it is called in England, is certain to draw an immense throng to Santa Anita Park, and it is more than probable that numbers of the society folk will grace the occasion with their presence. Many readers of the "Graphic" are familiar with



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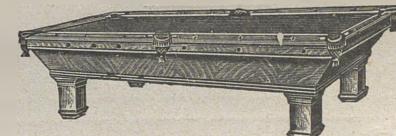
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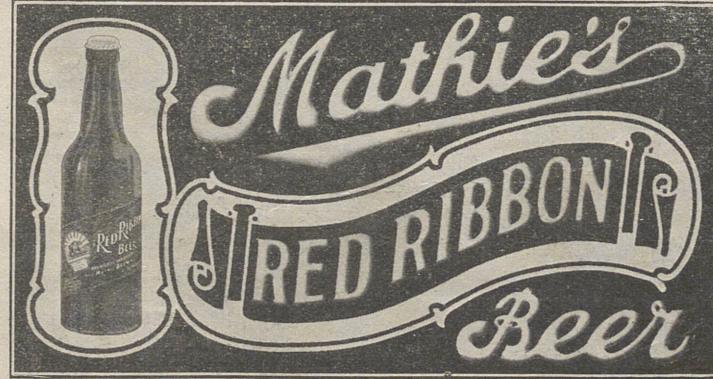
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Derby Day in Chicago, at Washington Park—it was always the society event of the year, and on that day Michigan Boulevard was one continuous line of gay equipages wending their way to that famous race course. Why not get the people of Los Angeles interested each year in this great race event, as it alone would tend to advertise Southern California as much as the Rose Tournament on New Year's Day or La Fiesta De Las Flores. The drive to Santa Anita Park through the orange groves and under the boughs of the old pepper and towering eucalyptus trees can not be equalled anywhere in the world, and, taking all things into consideration, the banner crowd of the racing season should be there.

Useless.

I am no particular friend of W. R. Hearst, his papers and policies, but I am constrained to remark that this attempt to make him responsible for the assassination of a Denver priest, is not exactly the proper thing. Hearst has been through one siege of this sort—when his personal, political and newspaper enemies sought to make him indirectly the cause of the assassination of McKinley. Mr. Hearst is chargeable with the assassination of character; his Chicago, San Francisco and New York papers cater to the mob and its prejudices; but disliking his papers as much as I do, I cannot accuse him of murder, directly or indirectly. He is responsible for much social unrest and discontent, but there I think his liability ceases.

May Move.

The Los Angeles reading public and every advertiser knows all about the "Pacific Monthly," the best magazine that has ever been published on the Coast. The "Pacific Monthly," it appears, is likely to move from Portland to Seattle, and, considering the position which it occupies, the following from the "Spectator" of Portland, will be of interest:

"Portland is likely to lose the 'Pacific Monthly.' To many, it may seem that this would be a very small loss. As usual, I enjoy the pleasure of disagreeing with the many; there are some apparently very important things that we could more easily spare than we can the 'Pacific Monthly.' There has been some talk of moving the magazine headquarters to Seattle; and this carries with it the suggestion that Portland did not appreciate the distinction that was

conferred on it by being known as the home of the publication. Seattle has been anxious to get the magazine, and is offering inducements of a very material sort to secure it as an adjunct to the publicity schemes of the Sound city. The 'Pacific Monthly' has done a great deal more for Portland than Portland has done for it. The publication has never had the support of the people here; it has more readers, I believe, east of the Rockies than it has on this side. The people behind the publication set up an ideal for it, and kept the 'Pacific Monthly' as near the notch as possible; the money the magazine has cost reaches a magnificent figure. Away into the six figures the losses have gone—six figures, it should be said, is at least \$100,000—away into them is a good deal more. Charles E. Ladd has borne the burden of the 'Pacific Monthly,' and, I imagine, more through a pardonable pride in having the magazine published here than from any hope of financial reward. The weight is getting too heavy for any one man, and the stockholders will meet next week to determine the fate of the publication. It will be a positive misfortune to Portland if the 'Pacific Monthly' is permitted to die—almost as much of a loss as if it is allowed to pass into the hands of Seattleites."

Tetrazzini's secret is out at last. "The extraordinary capacity for producing high tones possessed by Madame Tetrazzini is due," so we are told by J. Van Brockhoven in the "New Music Review," "to her natural ability to contract the inner larynx cavity by the action of the false vocal cords, so as to produce a small, contracted form of the inner larynx cup." It is very easy. Try it.—"Musical Courier."

A Blow to the Wine Industry.

I have not noticed that the Chamber of Commerce is taking any action against the obnoxious Littlefield bill, now before Congress, which aims to restrict the shipping of wine from one state to another. The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California this week dispatched its president, Andrea Sbarboro, to Washington to argue the claims of California wine-growers and advance reasons against the bill. The wine industry in this state occupies 250,000 acres, and represents investments of over \$100,000,000. Such restrictions as are proposed by the Littlefield bill would be of incalculable damage, and it is difficult to imagine any good reason for such imposition. I hope that the always alert and influential Chamber of Commerce will promptly "get in its oar."

Tetrazzini.

Under the heading, "Who Discovered Tetrazzini?" I published a few weeks ago a letter written by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton to the London "Telegraph." The "Musical Courier" of New York now publishes Mrs. Atherton's letter under the heading, "A Sprightly Spanking," and comments on it in this wise:

"Mrs. Atherton's letter covers points that have been discussed thoroughly in the "Musical Courier" since Tetrazzini's arrival here, but the main arguments are so well put that a repetition at this time does no harm. The New York daily newspaper critics cut a ridiculous figure when they

assert that they are not influenced by foreign criticisms, for the columns and columns of space which they devoted to Tetrazzini were the direct outcome of her London success and of the criticisms cabled here bearing on her Covent Garden performances and their effect. We do not even care to guess what would have happened to Tetrazzini had she come to New York straight from San Francisco. Her London furore is what impressed most of the local daily paper critics—excepting Frinek and De Koven—into the conviction that she must be a personage of importance. It should be salutary for this town and those in it to have a keen student of New York conditions arise once in a while, like Mrs. Atherton, and give us the castigation we merit so richly."

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

The other day I ran across some figures from the office of the internal revenue commissioner, which ought to set the prohibition element to thinking. No one questions the fact that the supposedly "dry" districts in the whole United States cover a much larger area and include a much larger population than fifteen years ago. It would naturally be supposed that there would be a diminishing ratio of the production of beer, if, as the "Express" contends, "prohibition really prohibits." If one thing in this world is certain, it is that the statistics of the internal revenue department are correct. No brewer and no distiller will take chances with the government. Now, instead of a reduction in the amount of malt beverages (beer) brewed, as compared with fifteen years ago, the statistics show something else. The production of malt liquors in 1890 was 853,075,734 gallons; last year the production was 1,699,985,642 gallons—or about double. The consumption of spirits, per capita, is decreasing, due to a radical change in the habits of the people. The wine consumption, per capita, does not increase, but remains practically stationary.

The Troy Farce.

The dispensation of justice in the hands of the Spreckels Prosecution in San Francisco grows more and more farcical. Confession was forced on the witness stand last week from E. P. E. Troy, the complaining witness in the bogus action for criminal libel instituted in San Francisco against R. A. Crothers and Fremont Older of the "Bulletin," that he brought the suit at the suggestion of Daniel C. Murphy, member of the water committee of the Board of Supervisors. Murphy is a relative and the personal attorney of James D. Phelan. By this beautiful method of indirection, Mr. Phelan, who

is the bitter personal enemy of W. S. Tevis and the moving spirit in a rival water scheme, is pretending to champion Mr. Tevis' reputation and to prosecute his own organ, the "Bulletin." The travesty was elaborated by the open aid and comfort given the defense in court by Rudolph Spreckels, the director and financier of the District Attorney's office and his private detective, William J. Burns. The situation, indeed, if it were not so shameful, could supply admirable material for a comic opera of topsy-turvy-dom. Under such circumstances it is not surprising to discover that the Troy complaint was founded on the least libelous of the "Bulletin's" assaults upon W. S. Tevis, ignoring those which Mr. Tevis himself had made the basis of the prosecution instituted at Bakersfield.

Amazing Developments.

Such extraordinary spectacles were therefore presented in court as the complaining witness, Troy, being severely upbraided by the Deputy District Attorney, the latter's charge that the whole proceeding was collusive, and his motion for the dismissal of the case. Moreover, Troy himself was compelled to confess that the action had not been instituted in good faith and that he had had ulterior objects in view, while he savagely denounced the man in whose alleged interest he had brought the suit and showed his friendship for the defense. In the face of all these amazing developments the judicial farce was ordered to proceed.

Residents of Los Angeles and vicinity who have recently registered at Hotel Del Coronado are: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Spence, Mr. and Mrs. James Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilson, Edwin Jerm, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. A. Essick and son, Mrs. L. S. Essick, Helen T. Hayes, A. G. Leitch, J. M. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Bruner, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Bradford, H. W. Benson, N. A. Poever, Mrs. Thomas Vigus, Mrs. J. M. Carroll, Miss Una M. Carroll, J. H. Mann, Mrs. F. R. Ferris, Reese Llewellyn, M. F. Van Ham, J. H. Searman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hudson of South Pasadena; Mrs. Wellington Clark, Miss Alice Vail, H. M. Gorham and Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Cole of Hollywood.

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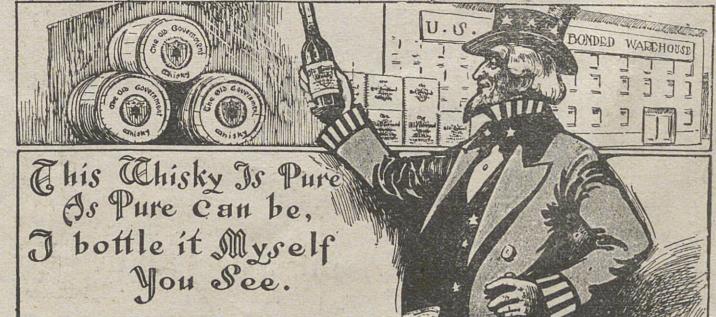
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The Los Angeles Furniture Co., now under the management and presidency of Mr. Chas. E. Fredericks, of Jos. Fredericks & Co., San Francisco, wishes to announce that the business will be conducted on a larger and more aggressive basis than ever. You will always find a well selected stock of Furniture, Rugs, Carpets and Drapery Stuffs, properly priced. We pledge ourselves to courteous service and prompt delivery.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE COMPANY

631-633 S. SPRING ST.—NEAR SIXTH

Lent, at last, ushered in with the most splendid assembly we've had yet. I love costume balls, because everyone loses his stiffness and are ever so much more entertaining than in every day clothes. Kramer's was a dream of a place Tuesday night—a riot of flags and masks and grinning clowns' faces, all gathered between scores of tiny lights which were shaded by wee masks. And then to see the quaintly costumed crowds gliding here and there, while different colored lights were thrown over them—to hear the strains of Arend's orchestra, and to catch the perfume of violets and carnations—it was certainly a glimpse from Fairyland. I could name ever so many pretty costumes that adorned ever so many pretty women—but I couldn't begin to name them all, so I'll have no favorites.

Where is the Copper Kettle?

Perhaps the most elaborate wedding of the entire season took place Tuesday afternoon in Pasadena, when Miss Rowena Blossom became the wife of John V. Eliot. The ceremony was in charge of the Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, who was assisted by Archdeacon J. Townsend Russel and Rev. William MacCormack. The All Saints' Church was a bower of lilies and daisies and great white tulle bows. After the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Blossom. Miss Blos-

som's attendants were Miss Cordelia Stimson, Miss Elizabeth Drake, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Laura Elliott, Mrs. John Kingsley Mecomber and Miss Marguerite Artell.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

Her many local friends will regret to hear that Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith's tour has been at least temporarily interrupted by illness, and that she is in a hospital in Denver. Whether she will continue her vaudeville tour or return to her home in Los Angeles depends on how much she improves in the next few days.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

Edgar Apperson and his wife left for the East last Sunday morning more than delighted with the spectacular run made in the Altadena Hill-climb last Saturday. Mr. Apperson, who is the designer of the cars bearing his name has learned much of the West and the requirements of its hills in the way of automobile. They will remain at Savannah for the races and will then go to Westchester for the race there before returning to their home at Kokomo, Ind.

Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle,

With an almost "embarrassment of riches" in the way of wedding presents, Irvin

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Six Good Races Every Week Day Rain or Shine

The Los Angeles Derby

Saturday, March 7th

A Sweepstakes for three-year-olds

One mile and a quarter—\$5000 guaranteed

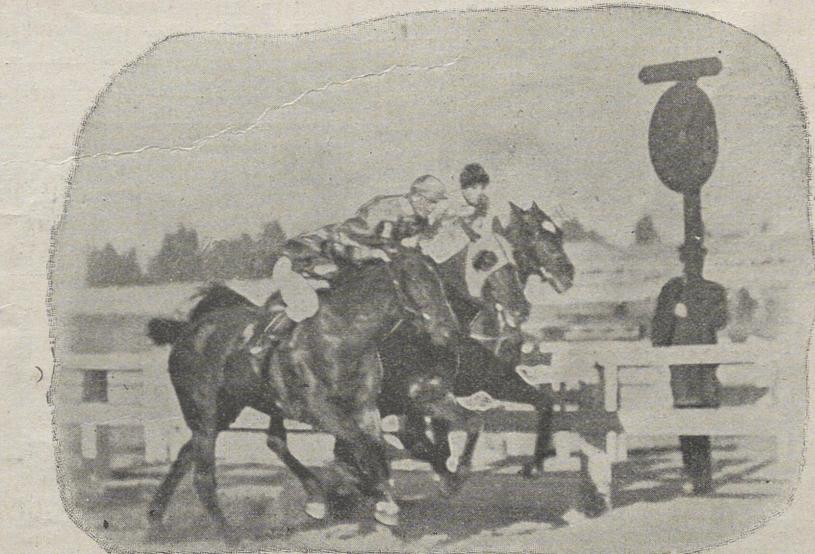
The Best Class of Horses
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Direct to Entrance Gate. Round Trip Fare 25 Cents



McMillan and his bride, who, as Anna Chapman, was a society favorite here, have gone to Vallejo to live. The Chapmans are not people to boast of such things, but from a well informed friend I hear that their wedding presents approximate about \$25,000 in value. There is at least \$10,000 worth of silver, a lamp given by the E. L. Dohenys, whose cost must have required a check for four figures, cut glass by the barrel and dozens of other gifts. As the McMillans have found a flat in Vallejo, the only residence available at present, the question is, what is to be done with the wedding presents. For a time, at least, it is probable that the majority of them will have to find refuge in some dark corner of a safe deposit box.

If you live in Los Angeles and have not an old-fashioned sun dial somewhere on your premises then you are not quite up to the latest style. For fashion has decreed that the sun dial after many years of banishment has come into its own once more. Among those who have followed the decree of fashion in this regard are: Judge Charles Silent of Chester Place; Mrs. George Goldsmith, known on the stage as Lillian Burkhart; Mrs. Wesley Clark, and the Barlow Sanatorium.

W. A. Seymour who constructed these and has devoted much time and study to the sun dial, quotes Biblical authority to show that this method of telling the time of day was in vogue as far back as the days of Hezekiah.

Mrs. Walter S. Newhall has been the guest of Mrs. Mayo Newhall in San Francisco, and a number of entertainments were given in her honor.

Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara was "presented" at the second court of the London season, held last week by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The Friday Morning Club has started its campaign for funds with which to build the

new club house at Adams and Hoover streets. The members are being asked to pledge loans to the club, the money to come in installments. One hundred dollars is the standard subscription, and this is payable in one amount on June 5, 1908; or in installments of \$25 on June 5, September 5, December 5 and March 5, 1909; or in two installments of \$50 payable June 5 and December 5. Mrs. Dora Haynes the chairman of the Committee of Twenty-One gives two very pointed reasons why the club should build now. One is that building material is cheaper, and the second is that to build now would provide work for many men.

From Coronado.

Coronado is turning toward two events of the near future; one, the visit of Admiral Sebree's cruisers, and the other, the annual polo tournament of March. Though Admiral Sebree's squadron is sure to put in San Diego Bay some of these bright mornings, his visit has been so often deferred that the anticipation of the navy coterie at the resort has ceased to be active. But polo is another matter. Followers of the game at Coronado are wondering whether or not there is going to be an International Polo tournament. Plenty of good sport, of course, is promised by the California teams that compete for the John D. Spreckel's trophy, but the International tourney has now been promised at Coronado for two years and it looks as though this ought to be the season to honor the handsome \$4000 All-Americans cup with a contest. Mr. Paul H. Schmidt, secretary of the Coronado Country Club is north visiting the various polo bailiwicks. He promises definite announcements for the tourney upon his return. One thing, however, is certain. That is that society will be on hand with its full quota.

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The city of Los Angeles offers you an opportunity to assist in building the Los Angeles Aqueduct by purchasing its bonds, which are as safe as Government Securities and pay better.

\$510,000 Bonds are now offered for Popular Subscription. A like amount of these bonds has been purchased by the State of California.

Bonds, \$1000 each. Interest 4 Per Cent. Payable Semi-Annually Maturity, 7 to 40 years. Principal and Interest payable in Los Angeles or New York at holder's option. These Bonds are exempt from taxation.

Payment is secured by property assessed in 1907 at \$269,000,000 and actually worth over \$500,000,000.

Los Angeles Water Works now yield net annual income of nearly 1,000,000. Surplus water revenue is available for meeting bond payments.

The credit of the city is attested by the law of the State of New York, Making Los Angeles Bonds legal investments for New York Savings Banks.

The City of Los Angeles has never defaulted on any bond payment.

The construction of the Los Angeles Aqueduct is one of the greatest water supply projects ever undertaken. It means more for the future of Los Angeles and Southern California than any other event in their history.

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Chairman of the Faculty.



W. E. Shipley will present the Bankers' Minstrels in "So Long Mary" by special permission of George M. Cohan

The leading society ladies and quite a number of the business men of Los Angeles have interested themselves in a benefit vaudeville performance for the Working Boys' Home, to take place at the Auditorium, Friday night, March 13. It is to be one of the greatest home talent programs yet given in Los Angeles, and the participants number some of the best singers, instrumentalists and dramatic personages in the city.

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur and the youngsters telling bear stories, with John Lindy Phillips, as reader, will be one of the items of interest.

Nuncie Bittman, contralto, in selections from "Erminie," and her celebrated Dago banana song.

W. E. Shipley will present The Bankers' Minstrels in "So Long Mary," by special permission of Geo. M. Cohan.

The Y.M.C.A. athletic section will present horizontal bar stunts, by a number of their most clever amateurs.

An animal act will introduce T. H. Wright's trained horse, St. Jordon.

A violin solo by Marie Azspiroz, a celebrated violin soloist, who appeared before the King and Queen of Spain with signal success:

Sheek and Aldro, athletic act, in hand and head balancing, from the Los Angeles Athletic Club. This is one of the star features.

Monologue, by Miriam Eskridge.

The dainty Irish Colleen, by Nauno Woods, introducing Irish types and dances.

Sketch and solos by Maud Nichols Lyon and her Teddy Bears.

Costume ballads, Scotch, English and French, by Louise Nixon Hill, mezzo-soprano.

Selections by Carolyn Von Benzon, prima donna soprano, the program to end with the presentation of a one act musical drama, entitled, "Zuna, the Queen of the Incas," written and staged by Mrs. Elmer F. Woodbury, who enacts the title role. Other members of cast include Sheldon Balingier, as the Indian Chief, Charles Bowes, basso, Priest of the Sun Temple, Carolyn Van Benzon, as Natri, the Sun Virgin, and Coti, the child of Sacrifice, Katherine Gibbs.

The entire proceeds of this entertainment are to go to the benefit of the Working Boys' Home, for the purchase of linen, beds, the equipment of bath rooms and additions needed to make the Home suitable for the large number of boys who are being benefited many ways at this institution. The seat sale is at popular prices, and on at the Auditorium box office. The general public should do all they could to make this a financial success, as it is sure to be an artistic one.

The patrons and patronesses are: General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, General Harrison G. Otis, Senator and Mrs. J. P. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Senator and Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, Judge and Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Wadsworth, Judge and Mrs. N. P. Conrey, Judge and Mrs. Waldo M. York, Judge and Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Irving S. Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Blinn, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Clover, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowles, Dr. and Mrs. Bert Estes Howard, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Babeock, Mr. James S. Carrson, Dr. and Mrs. W. LeMoyn Wills, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Haynes, Dr. and Mrs. Milbank Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Baumgardt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Swaine, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins, Mr. J. O. Koepfli, Mrs. Melville Grigg, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Neuer, Mr. and Mrs. R.

L. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Ruddy, Mr. and Mrs. John Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Warren, Madame C. M. Severance Mrs. Warren Carhart, Judge S. W. Gregg, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Turner; and the following from Pasadena: Dr. and Mrs. Adelbert Fenyes, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Libby, Col. and Mrs. C. G. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Daggett, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Waldstein Root, Mr. and Mrs. H. Page Warden, Mrs. H. L. Story and Mrs. John W. Hugus.

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We have the sole agency in the Southwest for the famous Libbey Cut Glass. This is the standard of excellence and has no equal. It is the richest, most brilliant, and deepest cut of any Cut Glass on the market. The shapes more artistic and the designs prettier than you can find in any Cut Glass that does not bear the name Libbey.

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NON-INFLAMMABLE
NON-EXPLOSIVE **Benzine**
For Cleaning Any Kind of FABRIC or GLOVES.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
BOBRICK CHEMICAL CO., MFRS.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

Once more Mr. George McKay of the Boston Store has returned from his wanderings through the realms of fashion in Paris and London, and if you are anxious to learn correctly what are the silks of the minute, worn by the "Woman of the Hour" you must seek the beautifully adorned silk department at the Boston Store and see all the latest doings for the lady of quality. To describe the novelties of the season in this line is far beyond me, my dear girl. Messrs. Robinson & Co. have surely surpassed themselves in the variety and extravagance of their silken display. I gather through glancing over a wealth of beautiful fabrics, however, that the family of "Rajah" still leads in the list. She has many branches of her family all more or less legitimate, but each one lovely and most desirable, I assure you. The Sahib, the Pagoda, the Mandarin, the Tussorah, the Shantog and a "Song O Silk" are all there ready to be introduced to Los Angeles society. Then the dainty, soft messalines in all the pastel shades, apricot, "Eminence," a popish and very spiritual looking purple, and all the varied shades of green, pink and yellow. A new fashion is set for us here in these monster wide-striped effects; two stripes of massive flowers to a width, divided by a wide white satin line are the nobby thing in the old country. Some of the Dresden patterns on wide, wide chiffon taffeta are quite too beautiful and will make stunning evening gowns for some of our tall, handsome women. If you can't go to Paris yourself and shop, my child, your next best plan is to visit the Boston Store right now.

And among the latest varieties I must remind you that there is something very novel doing in millinery at Blackstones' big store. My dear, I certainly saw some of the loveliest as well as the most wonderfully up-to-date creations in the hat world there, this week, that I've ever looked at. The Russian Turban is to be very good this year. It is composed mainly of flowers and feathers and fluffy maline, and, worn close to the hair, without any bandeaux, is a most becoming and attractive change from the wobbling, bobbling sailors and picture hats. Of these latter, however, Blackstones' selection is most complete. I saw one I hungered for in white Gainsborough effect, with a white ostrich plume that measured at least a couple of yards in length. The "Merry Widow Sailor" is a dashing affair, and Blackstone exploits several daring creations in this fashionable model. The flower hats, too, are most wonderfully devised at this store, woven into such artistic masses of foliage and flowers that the coloring forms one perfect gem, and can be worn with any given shade of costume. Truly we are advancing in things millinery and artistic, and Blackstones have already arrived.

Before I weary you with talking hats, dear girl, I really must tell you of the kind thought of Meyer Siegel of 253 South Broadway, for the little ones in this respect. A hat for a little girl is apt to be either a lingerie affair or something too old and modish for one of tender years. Not so, Siegel's assortment this season. Beautiful rosebud leg-horns and soft French chip hats just "girly" looking enough to appeal to one as a darling

of a hat for ones' darling little daughter. Neat little sailors for the misses and "teenful ladies," fine soft Tuscan straws with Roman striped sashes draped around the conical shaped crowns, and lots and lots of dainty lingeries at all prices and in all sizes for the wee boys and girls. Myer Siegel's prices are always legitimate and unchanging to all comers and I found the prices marked on the pretty new display of children's spring millinery most reasonable and righteous.

All this story of a hat brings down to the last and best bonnets in the whole bunch. These are the babies wee Dutch caps just arrived at the Ville de Paris. The dearest, quaintest little bunches of muslin, lace and ribbons all demurely turned back from the little forehead and knotted with big rosettes of pink and blue and white satin to go over the pink little ears. The Ville has a most enchanting display of spring lingerie for the little tots. Dainty pique and serge reefer coats, sailor suits for little boys at ridiculously low prices, fine hand-embroidered garments for the newly arrived little bunch of powder and down—all kinds of fancy frocks for the little maidens' party dresses; everything possible in baby land from a little knit jacket at twenty-five cents to a gorgeous layette is purchaseable at this charming Ville.

Once more it is goodbye.

As ever, **LUCILLE.**
South Figueroa street, March third.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.



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On the Stage and Off

Comedy, pure uplifting comedy, ruled this week at the Los Angeles. The theater-goers of this generation are so accustomed to think of Florence Roberts as a portrayer of prob-

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ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE.

Week Commencing Monday Eve., March

Curzon Sisters,
The Flying Butterflies.
Petching Brothers,
A Musical Flower Garden.
Eleanor Falke,
Dainty Singing Comedienne
Tom—Armstrong and Verne—Ella,
English Comedy Duo.
Alice Norton,
Making Rubies and Sapphires on the Stage.
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Musical Virtuosi.
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Playing "Compromised," by Louis Joseph Vance.

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Next week commencing Monday

"The Boys of Company B"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every
night 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and
Saturday, 25c to 75c.

lem plays, that her high abilities as a comedienne, have been all but forgotten. So when the management of the comfortable little Spring Street theater secured her for a week with "Sham," the actress came into her own again. Florence Roberts, it has always seemed to the writer, has never had a real opportunity. She has never been "press agented" into the realm of the "stars,"—like Mary Mannering and Isabel Irving and Maxine Elliott and dozens of less talented women. Having seen her at intervals since the old days at the California Theater in San Francisco, where she appeared with Lewis Morrison, the conviction will not down that this able and brilliant woman has yet to come into her reward of appreciation. Certain it is that Ada Rehan in the palmy days of the Daly Company—and Ada Rehan was about the best comedienne this country has seen—never did more clever, clearcut comedy work than does Florence Roberts in "Sham." She has the play that suits her admirably. Its vein carries good gold—neither smut, trash nor dross. Miss Roberts has a company far above the average. The leading man, Thurlow Bergen, is a capable actor and can wear a dress suit like a gentleman. Truth to tell Los Angeles has paid \$2 a seat many a time for a play not half so good nor half so well acted.

The Burbank company is individually and collectively at its best in Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King." Doubtless nearly every spectator who witnessed the play Sunday afternoon had seen it once or twice before, but, nevertheless, they enjoyed it quite as fully as at its first performance. William Desmond comes into his own as the vagabond rhymester, Francois Villon. Barring a tendency to breathless articulation, which rather slurs the picturesque metaphor and poetic swing of his lines, Desmond is at his best. In the latter scenes of the play when Villon, "King of the Cockle Shells," becomes Montcorbier, Grand Constable of France, Mr. Desmond is even more at home than in the smoky-ceiled tavern.

Harry Mestayer repeats his former triumph as the crafty, cracked-voice Louis—and it is a triumph, indeed—and Byron Beaseley is a vigorous Thibault. Little Miss Hall makes a wondrously queenly Katherine for all of her limitations in size—although in a becoming robe of red she does remind one of a curly-headed youngster masquerading in her mother's finery. Maude Gilbert is the will-o'-the-wisp Abbess, quaint of appearance and siren enough to have attracted the vacillating Villon. Her death scene, pathetic in its boy-like bravado, is an excellent bit of acting. Maude George, who has been seen mostly in the parts of elderly women, comes forward as Isabeau and proves herself a comely young woman of talent. Without doubt Manager Moroso might run "If I Were King" to S. R. O. houses for a fortnight.

Very dainty and gentle and pathetic is Rida Johnson Young's "Glorious Betsy," very tender in its love scenes, lightly bubbling its comedy—and all sacrificed to the "they lived happy ever after" ending that quarrels with history. But who cares to

know that the sweet Betty Patterson never found her heart's desire—the public demands happy endings and ergo the public was given a happy ending, and very prettily, too, by Mrs. Young. Mary Mannering lends a deal of life to the "tantalizing, glorious Betty Patterson." She plays the coquette adorably, but curiously enough with an undertone of pathos. But it is in the awakening to the fact that love is cruel and that she herself has a heart which may be broken that Mannering is at her best.

Frank Gillmore might be co-starred with Miss Mannering, were the effectiveness of his scenes to be considered. It is evident he does not allow himself the full sweep of his abilities, or he might dominate the stage in Miss Mannering's stead. His clear enunciation is a delight to the ear, handicapped though he is by an execrable accent, and his love-making has an intensity that is refreshing to the jaded theater goer. Herbert Carr is massively telling as William Patterson—so massive in fact that he broke the bench on which he sat Monday night, to the shameless delight of all onlookers. The uselessness of this broken bench, which should have played a part in the "business" of the following scenes, served to illustrate the ability of Miss Mannering and Mr. Gillmore to cope with unforeseen accidents. Edward Trevor is a delight as the blarneying young Irishman with the burr of the brogue on his tongue and a comical determination to become a priest when Betsy refuses him. The settings of the acts are remarkable chiefly for their worn and dingy appearance.

Some there are who have called the play "skimmed milk," but to the majority it has a good sweet cream to it that one never found in thin blue milk.

The Belasco Company is always at home in comedy work, and "The Heir to the Hoorah" is no exception to the rule. For the nonce Lewis Stone becomes a Westerner of the rough and ready type—for only one act, however. With his usual conservative discretion he does not make the character of Joe Lacy too unrefined in the first act, so that the rather incredible metamorphosis the author creates in the second act is somewhat more acceptable. Harry Glazier, William Yerance and Charles Ruggles wander through the entire play without being converted to their usual dress-suit drawing-room manner. To see Ruggles with his hair plastered disfiguringly down his brow and with an East Main street "hand-me-down" and a sea-sick purple tie adorning his figure is enough to give a matinee girl hysterics, but Mr. Ruggles sacrifices himself nobly. Adele Farrington is a chic French maid, and Howard Scott is a polished villain of the usual stage type, gray hair, dress suit, top hat and all.

As Kate Brandon, a "merry widow" Katherine Emmett gives one of the most efficacious sketches of her local career. Miss Emmett, indeed, is so compellingly charming in such a part that one regrets the fact that stock requirements may toss her into an unsuitable sphere in her very next assignment. Eleanor Carey makes herself thoroughly disliked as Mrs. Kent—which speaks well for her ability.



GRACE GEORGE, AT THE MASON

Grace George will be seen at the Mason Opera House for a week's engagement beginning Monday next in Sardou's "Divorcons." This light comedy from the pen of the master French dramatist is unquestionably the best play in which Miss George has ever appeared, and its presentation both in New York and abroad was the sensation of the past dramatic season.

In support of Miss George will be Frank Worthing, who is most pleasantly remembered here for his excellent work with many prominent stars. He is agreeably cast as the husband of the frivolous young wife.

William Ricciardi, for years regarded as a

most successful stage director, is another member of the cast. Douglas Gerard, an English actor, who has lately appeared in support of Beerbohm Tree, Lewis Waller and Arthur Bouchier, has been engaged to enact the role of the young lover, "Adhemar."

This engagement will probably be the last appearance for some time in this city of Miss George, for at the conclusion of her present tour she returns to London for an indefinite season. Contracts calling for the presentation of at least five new plays in the English metropolis commencing next May have already been signed.

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"If I Were King"

Next week beginning Sunday afternoon

"What Happened to Jones"

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GRAPHIC

Crusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Orpheum—A very pretty novelty entitled "The Flying Butterflies" heads the Orpheum list for the week commencing next Monday's matinee. This is the offering by the Curzon Sisters, two stunning young women who do an aerial act that really merits the title they apply to it. The Patching Brothers offer "A Musical Flower Garden," a title that is sufficiently self-explanatory. Eleanor Falke comes for the second time within a year. Her billing is "The Charming Comedienne." Tom Armstrong and Ella Verne have not been seen at the Orpheum for many years. These world-famous comedians have several clever comedies in their repertoire, of which their Zulu act is the best known. William Hawtrey will repeat his clever playlet, "Compromised," Alice Norton will make rubies and distribute them to the audience.

Grand—The new Ulrich Stock Company will open at the Grand next Sunday in the latest New York success, "The Great Eastern World," a melodrama dealing with the persecution of the Jews, and the internal disturbances in Russia during the Russo-Japanese war. All the members of the company will be in the cast, and over forty extra people. The reorganized Ulrich Company in-

cludes many of the favorites of last season—Harry von Meter, Florence Barker, Lillian Hayward, Myrtle Selwyn, Arthur Hill, Lule Warrenton, and Earl Gardner. The new names on the roster are David Edwin, George E. Clancy, Stanley De Wolf, and Fiddes Page.

Fischer's—Herr Fischer has an attractive offering for next week in another of Herb Bell's comedies, "The Demon." The play tells in a humorous way of the wiles employed by a young woman in defeating the matrimonial plans made for her by her father, and her final success in gaining her father's consent to her marriage with the man she loves. Miss Bessie Tannehill will be the "demon," Miss Nellie Montgomery a servant, George Morrell the father, Herb Bell and Billy Onslow the father's choice of suitors, and Evan Baldwin the girl's sweetheart. Attractive musical numbers, new pictures and a clever vaudeville act will make the offering one worth seeing.

Los Angeles—Gorton's Minstrels come to the Los Angeles Theater for a week, commencing Sunday night, with a medley of songs and specialties. An especial feature is promised in the electrical effects.

Belasco—Another of Rida Johnson Young's pretty plays, "The Boys of Company B," holds the Belasco boards for a week. This is said to be a companion play to "Brown of Harvard," which aroused considerable enthusiasm at the Mason a few months ago.

Burbank—The Burbank company jumps headlong into farce next week, when the old favorite, "What Happened to Jones," replaces "If I were King."

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Next Week

Herb Bell's Comedy

"THE DEMON"

Popular Prices

In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

ed with sweet reasonableness and poetic fervor, Paderewski stood as far above his composers as Kreisler stands above his mates.

Was there ever such a touch as the singing touch of this altogether remarkable man? I doubt it. It is this that is the real Paderewski; it is this and the exquisite rounding and moulding of his melodic figures; it is the liquid and translucent qualities of his facile finger-work—these things, with the almost strange nobility of even the most sentimental of phases and moods, are the memories which will go down, and should go down, to posterity as the true secret of the greatness of this the first among the pianists of his day.

Witness his entrancing singing in the inspiring melody of the famous Chopin Scherzo. Piled full and running over with sentimentalism of the most temptatious type, Paderewski nevertheless invests it with a fine manliness which, while never losing jot or tittle of its seductiveness, drives to the four winds the reek of the Chopin pipe and leaves the strong man glad that sentiment is still a manly possibility.

But the smash and crash of his never-ending sforzando is an utter abomination—an abomination of unbridled noise, which not only crushes out every atom of musical quality that the piano may possess intrinsically, but inevitably wrecks the composer's intent and gorges the student with the tonal ptomaine of death to true artistry.

I have said not infrequently of late, and I repeat it with all emphasis at this time, that these atrocities are not within the domain of art. They are vicious in the extreme, and not all the greatness of a notably great name can make them stand for aught else but viciousness.

And there is a worse sin still then, the sin of commission—and that is the sin of bad example. Picture the effect of Tuesday's exhibition of force upon the student idea and the student practice! A thousand to one

that the light of Wednesday's dawn saw scores of pianos groaning and creaking under violent attacks of students goaded into mad emulation by the power of wrongdoing in high places.

For, to again repeat myself, if these things are right in Paderewski, they are right in those who naturally look to him for example. And, with the countless hordes of pounders bombarding us on every hand, it is deplorable in the extreme that we may no longer count on the one man above all others who was able to show the way to the realm of perfect pianistic beauty.

True, the force of Paderewski is not at all the force of Carreño and her school—and herein lies the oddity that, asking for the resilient touch, it came at the call, and the last state of that touch was worse than the first.

This thing is madness—sheer madness. The people do not want it. It does not please them. They crave the dainty and the delightsome—as difficult and dashing and dramatic and emotional as you will, but always delightsome, always musical, always redolent of freshness and charm, always appealing to the sensuous side of the human.

Do you know that some fine day the good Lord in his wisdom will turn his hand to the fashioning of a man with the touch and tone of the better Paderewski, with the romanticism of a DePachmann, with the purity and finish of Kreisler, with the charm and tenderness of Maud Powell, with the lissomeness of Essipoff—and He will say to you, "Good folk, I send you a player, an artist; and, if those that have hitherto vexed your souls were naught but mere purveyors of unrighteous noise, remember that they, in their time and course, yet paved the way to the great appreciation of the highest joy."

May He speed the day! Meantime let us sit as heavily as may be upon the perpetrators of things hideous—no matter what their

Paderewski is still a name to conjure with, in spite of the tales of advancing years and consequent deterioration. There must have been some thirty-five hundred people in the Temple Auditorium on Tuesday night—for the big building has a seating capacity of 3300; and with every one of these places occupied, and both stage and orchestra crammed full of close-set chairs, the tremendous total could not be far from the number named.

And all for what? As I sat and listened appalled to the terrific smashing and crashing to which the hitherto poetic Pole has descended, the mystery grew deeper and more and more unsolvable as to the precise nature of piano enthrallment.

It seems impossible to conceive that the power to produce sheer cacophonic noise of the most outrageous type can attract a host of ordinarily sane folk into the expenditure of their hard-earned dollars. If pandemonium be the thing wanted there are boiler factories and tracklaying gangs without the asking, without money, and without price. And I will swear with hand uplifted that there is more music in the ring of the sturdy blacksmith's anvil than Paderewski or any other of the force-giants can wrest from the vitals of the racked and storm-tossed piano.

It does not always pay to be honest, it is not always politic to tell the brutal truth. But it is at least a mighty good thing to get away from our self-delusion and childish convention now and again, and put a scotch on the undesirable and hideous.

And so, in this spirit, let us be candid with ourselves and confess with bewailing that Paderewski has succumbed at last to the prevailing temptation of the day and stands declared a convert to the doctrine of Smash. The pity of it! For, of all the beings who have attempted to show how great a thing of beauty the piano may be made, when woo-

rank or what their station.

Trust a woman. That is, trust her for some things, and in some ways. But keep your weather eye upon, or—oh, well, blessed is the man who was never fooled. I speak feelingly.

For example. What mere men could have done this—all in a short half-hour, and without so much as a ruffle, save, possibly, in a slight contraction of the northwest eyelid?

Scene: The rehearsal hall of the Woman's Orchestra. Girls, many and various, pretty, takeable and mostly unattached. One man, slightly worn, but unafraid. Instruments sundry, noises mixed, Grand pianos, two.

Enter a Lady—THE Lady—married, and still hopeful. She listens, smiles, applauds and plunges wildly into a speech—English with Venezuelan attachments.

"Ladies. Really, you play as after the manner of the great Germans. How I wish I could play with you a concerto! But it is impossible, ah me! impossible—for, as you know, my manager, he never permit: and, then, my contract forbids any piano but (suddenly and wildly) Why! do my eyes deceive me? An Everett!! And my favorite Grieg Concerto on your desks!! And my daily practice yet undone !! Oh, I must! I simply must!! And if you insist on playing while I practice, why, of course, I cannot prevent it. Really, you know, I never knew of anything so odd in my life—so coincident you call it, I think. On we go!"

And in this simple fashion clever little woman drives a willing pair of hands straight through an iron-bound contract, trips the stony manager, delights a crowd of splendid girls, putting a spur to their energies and a cheer in their hearts. Bravo, the Carreño!

* * *

It is a pleasure to reprint the following from the "Musical Review," of which Mr. Alfred Metzger is editor: "The 'Musical Review' is in receipt of a copy of Dr. H. J. Stewart's Mass in D minor for male voices, published by the Boston Music Company. In these days, when church music does not receive a great many valuable additions to its

literature, it is gratifying to find a work of such essential merit as Dr. Stewart's latest mass. Dr. Stewart's note on the fly-leaf is as follows: 'Mass in D minor, written expressly for the consecration of St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco. The construction of the mass in its original form for male voices is in strict accordance with the papal edict on the subject of church music.' Sacred music is by its very nature constructed in such a manner that versatility becomes a most difficult feat to achieve in its treatment. And yet Dr. Stewart in this new mass has struck a new chord by his unique treatment. While the work exhales the strict church character, its harmonic treatment is so unique that it does not fall into the usual groove of sacred music, namely, the monotony of its progress. Although restricted to the Gregorian chant principle, Dr. Stewart very ingeniously surrounds his original themes with a fullness of harmonic combinations that is bound to make a most effective impression upon the hearer. Dr. Stewart is particularly successful in the gradual attainment of his climaxes, where the fervor of devoutness is expressed by most powerful means. The mass consists of "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei." It is dedicated to Reverend Father Pius Driscoll, O. P., St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco, and is published for both male and mixed voices."

Music lovers of Los Angeles will have the rare treat of enjoying an evening of classical and lighter songs on March 19th when Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, under L. E. Behymer's management, will be heard in a song recital at Simpson's Auditorium. The program will be sufficiently diversified to please all, and will include groups of Italian, German, French and English songs. Mme. Blauvelt will not be heard in the United States again for several seasons, as she goes abroad immediately, when her concert tour is concluded, to study, and probably engage in grand operatic work in either Germany, Italy, France or Great Britain.

Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

There was so much at the hill climb to talk about that it is hard to know what to start off with. I could lead on several subjects. There was the great "make-good" of Edgar Apperson, with his Jack-Rabbit, the winning of the Tourist in the first event, the P. D. Q. Derkum stunt in the motorcycle race, Vic Machris driving the old original Pope-Hartford, and Rafert's great piece of photography. Looking these over, I have come to the conclusion that Edgar A. comes first. This good sportsman has made good with his high-place jumper, and we all take our hats off to him. Did you see that car go up the track? Did you see the way he drove the car? It was a wonder. I was pretty well up and down during the races, and I met most of the men from Auto Row, and on all sides I heard nothing but expressions of pleasure that Apperson had made

good. Since Mr. Apperson has been in town he has impressed everybody connected with the automobile game with his personality. He has done no hot air work, but has waited quietly for his chance. When that chance came he made good with a vengeance. I use the expression "made good" perhaps often enough to resemble redundancy, but I can think of nothing like the good American colloquialism with which to state my sentiments. The way that Jack-Rabbit came up the grade was awful. I was standing at the first road above the railroad crossing at the time, and I had an excellent chance to watch the flyer as she rushed up the hill. I never saw a finer exhibition of driving in my life. The other cars wavered and veered at the bad bumps, but the Apperson took every piece of unevenness as though the road were flat and level. This was due to the way that Mr. Apperson drove the car. I did not have the opportunity to see him after the race, but I talked to Bill Vaughn, the local agent, on Monday morning, after Mr. Apperson had

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left for the east. Bill says that it was quite a study to see the way that car was driven. I can quite believe it. The man who steered that car at such a pace was feeling her all the time just as a good skipper does in a yacht race. The latter puts two fingers on the tiller and works his craft up into the wind, talking to her all the time. Apperson does the same with his car, and he has the

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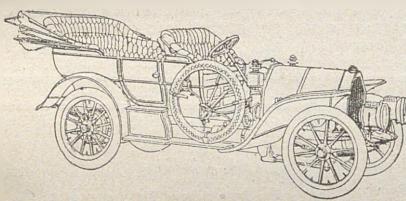
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Tourist

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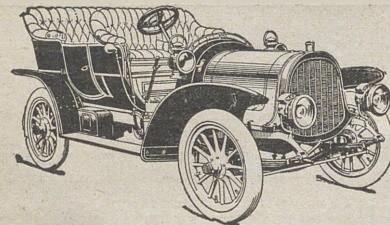
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road in front of him sized up for as far ahead as he can see, all the time. I know little about the Apperson machines, but I say from my heart out that I am very, very glad that so good a sportsman won the ninth event for roadsters costing more than \$3500 in the annual Altadena hill climbing contest.

Before butting into the general story of the hill climb I want to hand a little appreciation to my friend Rafert. Did you ever go to a football match and see a beaming person with a camera sliding down the touch lines until he found a good position and then snap his trigger on some good play, which picture resulted in the next day's "Times?" He is rotund and smiling, but as energetic as a man of half his weight. This is Rafert, the snap-shooter of the "Times," and a good one. He brought over a piece of work last Saturday that was exceedingly clever. Where the track crossed the electric railroad there was a bridge of boards. Above this were many telegraph and telephone wires, and some enthusiastic timers and adherents of different entries had climbed the poles and wormed their way out on the guy wires stretching across the track. Rafert saw these men and knew that a picture of them would be good. But how was he going to get the picture? There were many pepper trees on each side of the track, and Rafert made up his mind to climb one and do some snapping. He did. I watched him and even helped him up the first stages of the climb. Bough after bough was passed, each one creaking with the smiling weight that passed always upwards. Finally Rafert ensconced himself near the top of the tree, sitting with one leg round the trunk while the branch that bore his weight groaned in dismay. His splendid picture was reproduced in last Sunday's "Times" on the front page of the pink sporting edition, and I consider it one of the cleverest newspaper pictures ever brought over.

Well, here goes to tell about the hill climb. Walter Sahland told me that he would be at the Tourist factory at a quarter of twelve. He was not. But I was reading a book, so did not care. At 12:03 p.m. Walter and Mrs. Walter arrived in the new two-cylinder demonstrator, and I bounced into the tonneau. I was beginning to feel nervous, as a Tourist was entered in the second event, and I felt sure of a win. Walter calmed my fears and bade me look out for bicycle cops, stat-

ing that he would get me to the course before the first event started. He's a good old scout, is Walter, he made good, and we rolled up Marengo avenue and out to the start of the climb with many minutes to spare. By this time the weather, which had been threatening, had cleared. All the way out I had repeated my never failing ritual, which begins:

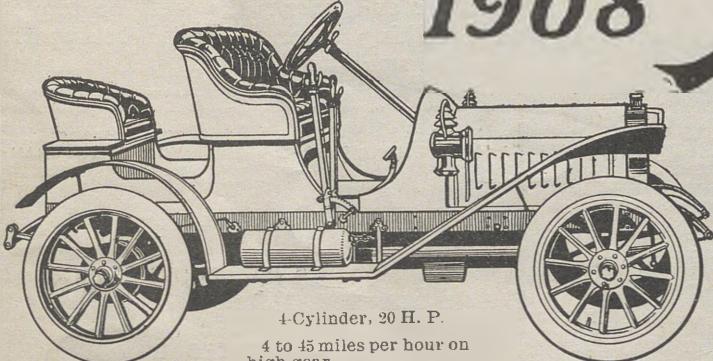
"Trouble, trouble, twenty-three,
Good Saint Peter, let me be;
Make the sky both clear and blue,
Otherwise it's prunes for you."

This had the desired effect, and my old pal, at the long end of the heavenly telephone, and the boss of the good-deeds ledger, was there with sunshine and sky of the bluest. As we neared the starting point, and I saw the clouds rolling back from the mountains above us, I murmured the "envoi" to the ritual when successfully repeated:

"I telephoned Saint Peter,
With the key to the golden lock,
He promised again it would not rain,
From one till six o'clock."

At the starting place we found most of the Tourist aggregation. Mr. Brown had taken out a photographer and that same picture man was somewhere on the course. But I did not worry about him, as Walter had the old reliable camera with him, and I knew that we could get good pictures, anyway. I waved to Bert Dingley, who was to drive the four-cylinder cars, listened to Harry Harrison for thirty seconds (he had a large-sized peeve), and then jumped into the car again and made for the railroad crossing. The course is one and four-tenths miles in length, and the crossing of the railway tracks is about one mile from the start. Unfortunately the railway crossing was well crowded already, so we went on to a road about four hundred yards higher up. Here we ran the car behind another Tourist, and, leaving Mrs. Sahland with a good view all to herself, we hiked down the track to the crossing. My goodness, but there was a crowd of people there. Bert Smith in the "Times" next day said something about six thousand people. Come again, Bert, and multiply that by about ten. The entire length of that road was one mass of human beings, most of them aching for a chance to butt onto the track and get run over. Walter and I wandered down the track to the railway crossing, and here we ran into many inhabitants of Auto Row. Bill Newerf came up with his two-cylinder Tourist about this time, found a good place on the west side of the track, left his machine and came over to talk to us. Bill then drew me to one side and uncovered the fact that the Tourists were going to be adorned with Goodyear tires. I already knew this, but expressed surprise that the controllers of the Auto Vehicle Company should have showed so much wisdom. Then we heard a yell from down the line, "Look our there, they're coming." They were the motorcycles, which had taken the place of L. T. Shettler's one and only entry in the first event for cars costing \$1000. And how those motorcycles did come! First came Collins, and then Paul Derkum. How any machine could go up that grade at such a pace I do not know; but they did. Paul was the fastest, and made up several seconds on his rival. He covered that mile and four-tenths in one minute and fifteen seconds. How fast did

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he go? Figure it out for yourselves; it is too long since I left school for me to do it. That was certainly a nervy piece of riding through the crowd that refused to make way, in spite of the efforts of Bill Bush and the subsidized policemen. Bill Newerf clutched me by the elbow and shouted in my ear, "Great Guns, Jack," what those fellows want is a race up a telegraph pole." And I put that down as the best "bon mot" of the day. Hats off to Paul Derkum; if I had his nerve I would be making money.

Then came the great event of the day. The Tourist two-cylinder car had two competitors, the only two with the courage to go against the "Snow-finder." One was Reo, which I did not fear for a second, and the other a Buick, which was touted to have cylinders with an eleven-inch stroke and a nine-inch bore. The Reo started first, and when I heard it coming I implored Walter to get ready with his camera. Walter soothed me in his own inimitable way and pulled out his machine. Then I found Rafert standing at my side and told him that the only car was about to come up the track. The Reo plodded by us and I felt cheered. Then Bill Newerf took hold of things and acted policeman. "Look out, there!" he yelled, "give us a chance to get a picture of the only car with Goodyear tires. I mean the only car with the only tires. Butt around there you fellows. Hey, get back there! Now then, Walter, here you are," and Walter stood by with his camera as also Rafert. Poof, poof, poof came that good old machine, and my heart beat with joy when I heard the old "snow-finder" coming up that slope.

I was interested in the third event when I saw Old Man Dodge's smiling face in the front of the Kissel Kar. This was for cars not over \$2,000 factory price, and the Kissel thing did the business. Any car that carries the Old Man will surely win. His smile alone would be a Mascot for an army. Then I turned my attention to the fourth event, and made loud offers to bet two to one against the field with the Pope-Hartford as favorite. The price limit for this event was \$2,500, and there were four entries. A Reo, an Elmore, THE Pope-Hartford (that good car in which I acted as Mascot on the Lakeside endurance run) and a Rambler. The Reo came up at fairly fast pace, and then somebody said "where's that thrashing machine?" It was not a thrashing machine, merely a two-cycle freak—the Elmore. That poor old car literally crept up the hill, and was only a few seconds ahead of the Pope-Hartford when it came thundering along at a grand pace. I let out a shout of joy when I saw that Vic. was driving. "Here," said I, "is where Vic. makes up for the Riverside fiasco, as Vic. told me afterwards, he heard my best "Bee Boh" as he went by. The Rambler followed, but was not touching the pace of the Pope-Hartford. Just as the Rambler came in sight somebody yelled to me to look up the track. There I saw the Pope-Hartford right on the stern end of the Rambler. For a minute I thought that the no-valve freak would come to trouble. Its driver held to the center of the track and refused to make way. But Vic. swerved into the ditch and passed his selfish rival, losing several seconds in so doing. When the cars came down the hill Bill Ruess carried the winning flag,

and I cheered lustily. Afterwards it came out that the Rambler had protested the timing, and had, apparently, been given the race. At the time of writing I do not know who won officially and I don't much care, for I feel quite sure that Vic. made the fastest time over that part of the course where he was unobstructed.

After the fifth event, which was uninteresting enough, although the Tourist car came in second on three cylinders, we waited for the sixth event. This was to be between a White Steamer and a Thomas Flyer. Then I recognized the genial face of one H.

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

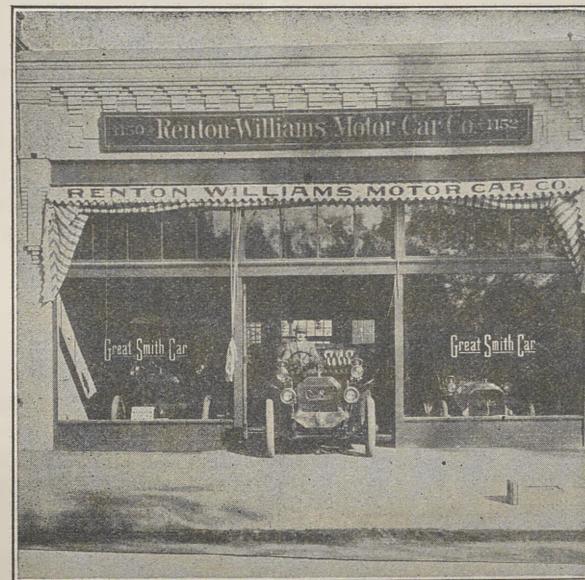
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1908

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F. E. CAISTER, Manager.

H. Hitt, who owns a Stearns that has made me wish for a safe door-step. Mr. Hitt was evidently peeved, and he had reason to be so. He had loaned his car to Mr. Batchelder for the seventh event, and there was to be no seventh event. The Peerless car would not enter. It is none of my business to go into the inner consciousness of the squabble that resulted in this fiasco, but I do state most emphatically that it is a beastly shame (note the British expression) that a grand sportsman like Hitt should be put to all the trouble and expense of having his car fixed up for the race and then be done out of the excitement of seeing it run. Hitt is a man who don't care a continental whisker twirler whether he wins or' not so long as he has done his best. He belongs to that unfortunately rare species, the true sportsman. It seems that Mr. Batchelder was admitted to the local dealers' association after the entries were closed and the committee thought that the circumstances warranted permitting him to enter the races. Harry Harrison protested, and was turned down. There was a general mix-up, and one of those unfortunate misunderstandings occurred. I have spoken to both Batchelder and Harrison on the subject. I am quite sure that Batchelder acted in good faith and with every sportsmanlike incentive. I am equally sure that Harry Harrison did the same. The latter is one of those good Southerners to whom a woman is sacred, a promise a fact and any kind of sporting event something to be gone in for with all a man's strength and will. Mr. Willeox is the president of the association, and the mention of his name is sufficient to guarantee that the action of the committee was made after mature deliberation and in good faith for the best. Who is to blame I do not know, but I am quite sure that it is not any of the three men mentioned.

Instead of seeing a White Steamer or a Stearns come rushing up the track we saw a Reo and knew that the eighth event was being run. This was for runabouts of any price, and the Kissel Kar took first honors. I was glad to see Old Man Dodge's smiling face in front. Say, Dodge, why didn't you put in a Wayne in one of the events. If you had, I would have ridden with you and brought you luck. What, oh!

Then came the Jack-Rabbit. That pretty well describes the ninth event. We heard a buzzing sound below us then a ghost of a machine flitted by us and, for several seconds, there was silence. Suddenly a roar went up from the crowd, and we all gave vent our pent-up astonishment at the terrific speed with which that car went up the sixteen per cent grade. Ralph Hamlin followed in his Franklin. He was making mighty fine time and driving well, but there was no chance for him. The Stearns followed at a good pace, but not nearly so fast as the Apperson. The Haynes seemed to crawl, and the Pope-Toledo was out of it. Then came Earl Anthony in his "Honey-Moon" Packard, but he was not going fast enough to kill anybody when he nearly lost control at a bump and cleverly missed running down a crowd of foolish rubber-necks who insisted on crowding onto the track. After this event they ran the four fastest time-makers over the course, and the Jack-Rabbit came in first, with the Stearns another second and good old Ralph a close

third.

The sixth event was run off after the ninth. The Thomas Flyer passed the railway crossing and then quit. The driver descended in a very leisurely manner and cranked up. Then he moved on up the track. The White started all right, but ran out of steam after a few hundred yards and drew up to the side of the track, as who would say "what's the use?" Oh, Harmon Ryus, get rid of your hoodoo. Do you know what it is? I do. Get the Englishman to ride in your car, and you will never have any more trouble. Am I right? And echo answers "Aye Aye, Sir."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

STEARNS

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Investment conditions continue to harden with the general market stronger than it has been in six months. The telephone issues act extremely well, considering lack of action by the City Council in regard to equalizing rates between the rival companies. I doubt if Los Angeles Home will pass its next dividend, as has been threatened in certain quarters. Too many insiders are long on the stock. United States Long Distance continues to move. You will recall I recommended purchase of the stock a few weeks ago when it was a drug at \$40. It now is selling at \$47 and will pay eight per cent. at \$50.

Union oil continues inactive at between \$115 and \$120. The professional bull-pegging in the stock appears to be at an end for the present.

Bank issues are weak, because of professional marking down for the benefit of franchise assessments due at this season.

Nevada mining shares continue on the toboggan.

Savings banks are considering the formation of a million-dollar pool that will provide private loaning. Funds for the latter purpose are withdrawn from savings account and used at about 8 per cent. The proposed pool is expected to make such withdrawals unprofitable by cutting the rate of interest.

The Miners & Merchants Bank has decided to increase its capital stock to \$300,000. This bank has just taken over the business of the Pacific Savings Bank.

The First National Bank of Globe, Ariz., has re-opened its doors.

The First State Bank of Calexico has been sold by W. F. Holt to a syndicate of Calexico citizens, including Frederick Kloke, G. W. McCollum and J. A. Morrison.

The First National Bank of Fallon (Nev.) has been authorized to begin business with a capital stock of \$25,000.

Bonds

The \$1033 issue of the Lawndale school district, Los Angeles County, has been sold to J. W. Phelps of the Los Angeles Trust Co., for par and \$7 premium. He has also bought the \$1000 issue of the Hermosa City School District.

Acting on the advice of Attorneys Dillon & Hubbard, Mayor Early and the Council of Pasadena will resubmit the issue of \$1,000,000 in bonds for the purchase of three water companies.

A syndicate has been formed at South Pasadena for buying the \$25,000 issue of school bonds, voted some months ago. The bonds bear 4 1-2 per cent and did not attract bidders. They will be readvertised, the money will be used to build a grammar school at Lincoln Park.

Huntington Park will issue bonds for \$3500 with which to cancel outstanding indebtedness.

A bond election of authorize an issue of \$20,000 with which to increase the fire department is on the tapis at Redlands.

A bond issue for \$10,000 is projected at San Pedro the money being needed for a fire alarm system.

Bonds of Santa Barbara (city) to the amount of \$36,000 for providing enlargements of the water works, will soon be offered for sale.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL \$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL \$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

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In the Literary World

Very much the best history of any section of California that has ever been written is the "History of San Diego," by William E. Smythe, just published and for sale at Parker's. It is as thorough and comprehensive a piece of work as has ever been presented anywhere, and is a masterpiece of literary beauty, elegance and wholesomeness. There are rising 450 pages and nearly 250 engravings, the latter including all the well-known characters from Junipero Serra down to scores of prominent persons now living and conspicuous in business and official activities. No other quite so fascinating and educating a volume along similar lines has been issued in California; and while no epoch nor episode has been neglected or too briefly treated there isn't a prosy or too effusive paragraph in the whole book. The history is cleverly and choicely divided into seven parts—"The Period of Discovery and Mission Rule," "When Old Town Was San Diego," "The Horton Period," "Period of the Great Boom," "The Last Two Decades," "Institutions of Civic Life," and "Miscellaneous Topics." Among the portraits are Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, Junipero Serra, Richard Henry Dana, Pio Pico, Andres Pico, Samuel F. Dupont, Stephen W. Kearney, J. Bankhead Magruder, Alfred C. Robinson, J. J. Warner, Miguel de Pedroreno, Jose Guadalupe Estudillo, George H. Derby, A. E. Horton, Thomas L. Nesmith, James McCoy, Frank A. Kimball, Benjamin Hayes, Douglas Gunn, Ben C. Truman, Joseph D. Lynch, E. W. Bushyhead, W. H. Gould (these five last being newspaper owners in San Diego between 34 and 40 years ago), Thomas A. Scott, Santiago E. Arguello (grandfather of Mrs. Mary Antonia Wilcox), Mrs. Arcadia de Baker, Robert F. Stockton, Edward F. Beale, Mrs. Henry D. Fitch, Antonio D. Ubach, U. S. Grant, Jr., and fifty others of more or less prominence—not the least being Katherine Tingley. San Diego County, all things considered, has long been considered by Bancroft and Hittell, Ross Browne and Derby, Truman and Gunn, as the most intensely-historical and bewitchingly-romantic of all the engrossing sections of the Golden State; and while all of these authors have written graphically and exuberantly of this beautiful corner of California, it has remained for the scholarly and well-informed William E. Smythe to transform San Diego into an Utopian domain whose history is a speetacular mosaic of heroic events, whose long-drawn procession of characters constitute a magnificent pageant, and whose present Arcadian outlook is framed in rainbows of promise and festooned with Hesperidean blossoms and spheres.

An actor at thirteen, a playwright at fifteen—such was the beginning of the dramatic career of Granville Baker, the manager of the New National Theater, who collaborated with William Archer recently in writing "Plans for a National Theater," published by Duffield & Company. By reason of his appearance in many of Shaw's plays in London a few years ago, when he was a very young man, Mr. Baker acquired the title of the "The Shaw Boy." He has now emerged, however, from the rays shed by his illustrious associate and at thirty has taken on a glamor all his own, his latest play "Waste," having created a real sensation in London.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer has declared her intention of build a home for impoverished literary women as a memorial to her husband, who fell in the Little Big Horn fight with the Indians some thirty years ago. Mrs. Custer has recently bought a site for the proposed home in Bronxville, Westchester County, New York, and it is said that the building will soon be begun.

Concerning the "Hundred Best Books" Clement Shorter says in his recent volume of "Immortal Memories" that there is no possibility of choosing them for any large number of readers, because there are very few books that equally suitable to every kind of intellect. Temperament as well as intellectual endowment makes for so much in reading. "Take for example the 'Imitation of Christ.' George Eliot, although not a Christian, found it soul satisfying. Thackeray, as I think a more robust intellect, found it well nigh mischievous as did Eugene Sue. There are great books that can be read only by the few, but surely the very greatest appeal alike to the man of rich intellectual endowment and to the man to whom all processes of reading are incomprehensible." The list which Mr. Shorter gives as that of his own choosing begins, as most lists do, with the Bible.

In a volume of nearly 500 pages, entitled "The King Over the Water," Miss Alice Shield and Mr. Andrew Lang have written and the Longmans have published an account of an interesting and eventful life which lasted from 1688 to 1766, the life of the ill-fated Prince who was never to reign, but who by birth and the so-called "divine right" should have been King James III. of England and King James VIII. of Scotland, besides Lord of Ireland and titular King of France. We refer, of course, to him who was born in the very year of his father's flight from England and who in his lifetime was best known to Englishmen as "the Old Pretender," while his son Charles Edward came to be known to a later generation and is still known as "the Young Pretender." The aim of this book is to redress a grave historical wrong of which the subject has been the victim. "Weak," "bigoted," "obstinate" are among the epithets that have been flung at him. He has been accused of a ruinous preference for "favorites"; and in his quarrel with his wife historians have sided with the lady and accepted the worst of the contemporary rumors

against the character of her lord. Histories, however, as the authors of this book remind us in a preface, become obsolete and are superseded by fresh narratives, but when a man like Thackeray presents an elaborate portrait of a historical personage in a novel which, like "Henry Esmond," can never cease to charm, then if the portrait be unfavorable the result is fatal.

Of the twenty essays comprised in the two volumes collectively entitled "Studies in the History of Venice," by Horatio F. Brown (E. P. Dutton & Co.), ten were published ten years ago, but these have long been out of print, and each of them has been here rehandled and brought up to date. The remaining ten have never appeared before in book form. Bishop Creighton once suggested that it might be possible to write a history of Venice in a series of essays. The author has kept this suggestion in mind, having arranged the papers in chronological order, so that they may help one another. His subjects are selected from every period of Venetian history, from the foundation of Rialto to the relations maintained between the Republic and Commonwealth of England in Cromwell's time.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

LAND OFFICE AT,

Los Angeles, Cal., January 17, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Robert T. See, of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final Commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11137, made July 12, 1906, for the N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ and Lot 5, Section 35, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on March 24, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz.: A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.; J. W. Henry, Hippolyte Bienle, Celestine P. Herit, W. Chick, S. W. Chick, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Feb. 22-5t. Date of first publication Feb. 22-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., January —, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Jennie A. Bristol, of Sherman, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ and SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section No. 26, in Township No. 1S, Range No. 19W, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, the 11th day of March, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, Freeman M. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal., and Albert M. Montgomery, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Jan. 11, 9t.—Date of first publication, Jan. 11-08.

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There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.



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